

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Car Licence Fees

ROOM can be found for tolerant sympathy toward the aggrieved reactions of motorists to Government's announced increases in licence fees, but they cannot expect general public support for their outcry, nor official willingness to abolish the new licensing rates.

Judged by the tone of some of the newspaper correspondents, one would imagine that the revised scale of fees is going to tax them out of existence. In fact, nobody is seriously affected financially, and the unavoidable conclusion is that the protesting motorists feel more affronted by the fact that they instead of somebody else have been chosen to make additional contributions to revenue.

Pleas have been advanced that the family man, who finds a car a necessity for making life tolerable to his dependants, is the chief sufferer. But the suffering is relative to his means, and at the worst involves the equivalent of \$2 a week additional outlay for keeping his family happy with trips to the beaches and other beauty spots.

And for the worker who can claim that his car is necessary to his work, it would seem that the additional licence fee could be fairly claimed back from his employer as a legitimate recoverable expense.

SOME sneers have been directed at the estimated amount of increased revenue which the new fees will yield to the Treasury, and against a total estimated revenue for the year of \$419 million, another \$1 million does not at first sight appear to make much difference.

It is well to remember, however, that the Financial Secretary is budgeting for a \$32-million deficit, and if current revenue is falling short of expectations, then he can see the possibility of his originally estimated deficit becoming even bigger—a disquieting prospect for any Financial Secretary. But the fact is the Hon. A.G. Clarke gave a direct warning in the budget debate of the latest impositions, and they cannot have taken anybody by surprise. What the motorists are entitled to is improved roads and other services for which the additional revenue is ostensibly being sought. If these do not materialise, there is room for a legitimate grouse.

SOVIETS ATTACK US PLANE Forced To Crash-Land CASUALTIES IN BERING STRAIT INCIDENT

Washington, June 24.

A US navy patrol plane was fired on by Soviet planes over international waters in the Bering Strait area yesterday and crash-landed in American territory, it was announced today.

The announcement was made at President Eisenhower's temporary headquarters at Whitefield, New Hampshire, where he is at present during his New England tour. His press secretary, Mr James Hagerty, read this statement to reporters:

"On June 22 at ten o'clock in the morning a Navy Neptune patrol plane on a routine flight over international waters in the Bering Strait area was fired upon by Soviet planes.

"The commander of our aircraft was forced to make a crash-landing on St Lawrence Island in American territory.

"All the personnel of our plane are safe, although some are injured.

"The attack on our plane was inexplicable and unwarranted.

"At the direction of the President, the Secretary of State today in San Francisco has taken up the matter with the Soviet Foreign Minister (V. M. Molotov) who said that he was unaware of the incident but would at once investigate and communicate with the Secretary of State."

The Bering Strait lies between Alaska and East Russia. It was reported here and in Fairbanks, Alaska, yesterday that a Navy plane had crashed on St Lawrence Island. There was no indication in the first announcement, however, that a Communist attack was responsible for the crash.

The Navy said here yesterday there were 11 men aboard the plane. Dispatches from Fairbanks noted air force officers who flew over the wreckage as saying they spotted four injured men near the wreckage.

President Eisenhower first received word of the incident yesterday when he was at a mountain inn outside Rutland, Vermont.

PRESIDENT PHONES
After the President had finished a speech today in Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, he stepped into a special telephone trailer parked nearby and had a telephone conference with some of the highest officials who assembled in the Washington office of the Under-Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Present with Mr Hoover were the Defence Secretary, Charles Wilson, Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the deputy Defence Secretary, Robert Anderson.

Mr Hagerty conferred by telephone today with Mr Dulles in San Francisco and Mr Hoover in Washington after the President reached Whitefield.

GENEVA FIRE MEANS...

Russians Will Need Some New Quarters

Geneva, June 24.

Fire broke out in the villa of the Russian delegation to the United Nations here tonight.

Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, Soviet Prime Minister, or Vyacheslav Molotov, Russian Foreign Minister, were booked to stay in this villa during the "Big Four" conference here next month.

Damage from the fire was not great though Geneva firemen had to hack a large hole through the roof to get at the flames. The fire was under control about an hour after the firemen arrived.

It is certain that neither Marshal Bulganin nor Mr Molotov can stay there during the "Big Four" meeting and the Russians must now rent other accommodation for their leaders.

NO SERIOUS DAMAGE

The reason for the fire is not yet known.

One fireman said: "It is not a serious fire and most of the damage is from water coming down from the roof. The Russians are not particularly upset. While the flames were being put out they were having supper in another room nearby."

Just before the fire was under control five of the Russian staff in the villa—four men and one woman—were led down the drive and paused for a moment outside the gates.

They chatted then made off towards Geneva. The Russian villa is situated opposite the United Nations building here.

Molotov Has Amendments Will Be Leaving Soon

San Francisco, June 24.

Mr Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister, has submitted at least one amendment to a draft "peace declaration" drawn up by Mr Belco van Kieffens, President of the United Nations tenth commemorative meeting. It was learned today.

The Soviet representative has called for a reference in the declaration to "co-existence." Some other delegates are opposed to it.

Mr Van Kieffens intends to make the declaration at the close of the tenth anniversary meeting on Sunday and has submitted his draft to delegates for their comments.

YOUTHFUL PARRICIDE SENTENCED

Ghent, June 24.

Oswald Spruyt, aged 17, dubbed the "unblinking parricide", today listened impassively while the judge sentenced him to death for the murder of his parents earlier this year.

His trial lasted over a month and during it doctors and psychiatrists argued as to his mental state. Throughout Oswald, impeccably dressed, listened without blinking an eyelid.

The prosecution said that Oswald savagely murdered his parents with a hatchet one evening after dinner although there had been no quarrel. Every event of the fatal day was gone through but there appeared no motive.

After dinner Oswald had gone up to his room to study. Then, said the prosecution, he came down and killed his parents. He found some money in the house and coldly did the round of local bistros.

At no time were either the prosecuting or defence counsel able to elicit any answer but "yes", "no" or "probably" from the young man. He remained equally impassive when the death sentence was pronounced.

—France-Press.

HONOURS FOR US GENERALS

Washington, June 24.

General Matthew Ridgway, retiring Chief of Staff of the United States Army and former Supreme United Nations Commander in Korea, and General Mark Clark, who also commanded the United Nations forces in the Far East, have been named as honorary Knights Commander of the most honourable Order of the Bath (KCB) by Queen Elizabeth, the British Embassy announced today.

RELIEVED OF DUTIES

London, June 24.

Mr Tuk Jakova, Albanian Vice-Premier, and Mr Bedri Spahiu, Albanian Minister of Education and Culture, have been relieved of their functions "for not having been up to their tasks," the Soviet news agency, Tass, reported from Tirana today.

They were relieved by decree of the Presidium of the Albanian National Assembly, Tass added.

Freedom Of City For Nehru

Paris, June 24.

The Indian Premier, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, is to receive the freedom of the city of Belgrade when he visits Yugoslavia shortly.

All Cyprus Placed Under Heavy Guard Of Troops & Police

Nicosia, June 24.

Cyprus, after four nights of anti-British terrorist attacks, is under the heaviest guard of British troops, police and special constabulary in its history with night-long patrols in all the chief towns.

Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor and the government secretariat and senior officials today postponed "for the time being" their expected departure for the summer headquarters at Troodos, a resort 6,000 feet above sea level.

Cyprus Police Commissioner George Robbins broadcast a proclamation offering a £1,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of terrorists who killed Police Sergeant Ioannis Demosthenous at Amalios police station three days ago.

He also offered £500 for information leading to the arrest of persons who have taken part in other terrorist acts or leading to the impounding of illicit arms caches in Cyprus.

These offers follow Commissioner Robbins' statement at a press conference that the terrorist organisation known as EOKA is almost a complete mystery to the police.

FEWER OUTRAGES
Last night's big-scale patrolling is believed to be the reason the outrages were fewer than on the previous three nights.

No curfew has yet been imposed, but the towns went "dark" spontaneously last night, with bars shutting early and the small cinema audiences hurrying home.

The worst incident of the night was the throwing of two grenades on to the verandah of a Parnassia bar where 15 British servicemen and their wives were sitting. One serviceman was wounded and taken to hospital.

"KILLER" DOGS
Britain rushed "killer" war dogs to rebellious Cyprus today to help quell a wave of Communist-backed terrorism fast erupting into her latest Colonial headache.

Three men lay dead and at least 21 were injured in five days of attacks against British Army residences and Cyprus government installations by nationalists seeking "enosis" (union) with Greece.

The Royal Air Force announced that it would raid against the airfields and dumpsites of Britain's last remaining bastion in the Eastern Mediterranean—they were bringing in war dogs from the Suez Canal Zone.

Thirteen already have arrived and 40 more were en route, officials said. The fierce Alsatians were described as "trained to kill" rather than to apprehend.

Bequest To Queen's Champion

London, June 24.

Mrs Agnes Evelyn Wholey, a doctor's widow, who died last March, left about £21,000 under her will published today to Captain John Dymoke, the Queen's Champion.

The Dymoke family had provided a Champion for the reigning monarch since the 14th century.

Until the early 19th century he always rode on a white charger into ancient Westminster Hall, on Coronation days to challenge anyone who denied the sovereign's right to the throne.

During the reign of King George IV, Mrs Wholey at Eastbourne, Sussex, left the money to 28-year-old Captain Dymoke "hoping that this will be of assistance to him in maintaining the dignity of the ancient office of the Queen's Champion."

Captain Dymoke bore the Union Jack for the Queen at her Coronation in 1953.

NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
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FLY JAPAN AIR LINES

FLIGHTS
LEAVE
HONG KONG
MONDAY
WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY

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RPM 10-30 SPECIAL MOTOR OIL

CAN INCREASE GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO 15%!

CALTEX

This single oil combines the best features of grades SAE 10-20 and 30 — is recommended for use in any climate, any season — in new cars or old

TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO-DAY

BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM

"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by:
CALBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
2, Queen's Road, H.K.

KING

SPECIAL PREMIERE
PERFORMANCE
TOMORROW AT 12 NOON

A MUSICAL FEATURED FILM—IN GORGEOUS COLOUR

"THE COMPOSER GLINKA"

Admissions: \$1.50, \$2.40 & \$3.50

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY



JOHN AGAR-LORI NELSON-JOHN BROMFIELD
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

PRINCESS

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS
TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Presents

"TOM & JERRY"
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

At 12.10 p.m.

Hemlata Pictures present
"SHIVRATRI"

A Super Indian Production Starring
NIRUPA ROY - TRILOK KAPOOR - MANHAR DESAI
& NIRANJAN SHARMA

8 Song Hits — At Regular Prices
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

EMPIRE

FINAL TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW



TO-MORROW

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 11.00 A.M.

JOAN CRAWFORD in
"JOHNNY GUITAR"

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

In Directional Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"THE COMMENDI" CinemaScope film. Warner Color

FILMS

Current & Coming

By Jane Roberts

For the first time in her career Greer Garson has forsaken the city backgrounds against which she has appeared so often and taken to the great outdoors.

Many drawing room actresses have done it before, but Miss Garson has held out against it so far. Now she is to be seen in a western—"Strange Lady in Town".

Why the title I don't know. There's nothing particularly odd about her wish to journey from Boston to Santa Fe in the adventurous days of the late 19th century, especially as her brother is there, and later it transpires, her father too. However, as I recollect having mentioned before, there's no rhyme or reason in Hollywood's choice of film titles.

Her romantic partner is Dana Andrews—rather a cold fish I've always thought—however the reputation of Miss Garson must be preserved, and it would never do to team her with anyone as rough-looking as, say, Tony Curtis!

Young Cameron Mitchell, her brother, unfortunately doesn't share the true-blue dependable qualities of his sister, the doctor, and although the bond between them is quite strong, she is righteously indignant to discover that her attractive living quarters have been furnished from money won at that game of the devil—"Cards".

Dana Andrews is also a doctor and naturally before the course of true love can run as smoothly as fiction tells us it does, there are several clashes between the two principals.

There's a small part in this film for the scared little barmaid seen briefly in "East of Eden." In this she is the daughter of Dana Andrews and a rather ripe 16 years of age.

David Farrar—

A Falling Star?

When a well-known actor takes a small part in a film it either has to be a plum, or his name has to appear under the credit titles as a guest star.

If he takes a secondary role that carries little dialogue and even that of slight importance, it harms his reputation as a star and causes the film-going public to assume he is on the down-grade.

Once this happens then the uphill climb back to popularity (not to be confused, of course, with genuine acting ability) is an almost impossible one.

Let's take a second or two to lament then the fall of David Farrar. "Escape to Burma" would certainly never win an award for the wit of its dialogue, the ingenuity of its plot or the dramatic talent of its cast.

That may not be entirely the cast's fault perhaps, with no better material to hand they were misguidedly led to believe that any appearance before the public was better than a long absence.

However the harm done to the reputations of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Ryan in the leading roles is as nothing compared with the effect it must have on David Farrar.

In "Black Narcissus"—quite a long time ago—he made a name for himself. Nobody would ever then have called him a juvenile lead, but with heavy old warriors like Clark Gable still able to pull in feminine audiences, his age was immaterial, and his performance good.

In several later films he showed promise and as he has better looks than the acknowledged named of the British screen, such as John Mills and Michael Redgrave, it appeared that his future was assured.

A Stereotyped Melodrama

Unfortunately, he hasn't lived up to predictions and hopes. His performance in "Escape to Burma" is flat, conventional and offers downright tummy. There are many players who have never been more than that, but it is doubly disappointing to discover that what one had hoped would be a soaring rocket has turned out to be a tame sparker.

For the rest, it's what you might expect.

Barbara Stanwyck is her usual self—good at business, uncommittal where men are.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Son of Belle Starr". A western in which a son of a pioneer tries to prove he's a peaceful chap. Keith Larsen and Peggie Castle.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Strange Lady in Town". A western in which Mrs. Miniver still manages to stay a lady. Greer Garson, Dana Andrews and Cameron Mitchell.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Escape to Burma". Adventure in the jungle with Stanwyck back in riding breeches. Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan and David Farrar.

COMING

EMPIRE: "16 Fathoms Deep". Rival sponge fishers fighting above and below the water-line. Arthur Lake and Lon Chaney.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Man from Laramie". A western. James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy and Donald Crisp.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Shield for Murder". A thriller.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Yolanda". A swashbuckler. Mara Lawrence and Max Baer.

"That Lady". One of the stories about Philip II of Spain that is making a name for Paul Scofield. Olivia de Havilland, Gilbert Roland and Paul Scofield.



Lisa Montell who plays Barbara Stanwyck's winsome Burmese maid in "Escape to Burma".

concerned, but with the excuse that competing in a man's world entitles her to apply her own standards instead of the accepted ones.

The workers on her back estate are feebly devoted to her, but there is a hint of the pocket-day 'trot' in their refusal to obey her orders to go into the jungle to help track down a marauding tiger they think is a ghost-animal.

A few sharp words from the supposed renegade, Robert Ryan, put a stop to this insubordination, and in spite of all the evidence piling up against him we begin to suspect that he's not quite the bad hat every one thinks him. Farrar is tracking him down.

Reginald Denny, as the British Commissioner, looks more uncomfortable than I can ever remember him having appeared in the past—even in those foolish comedies for which he was renowned—but as the whole thing is obviously meant to be modern melodrama, he's not out of place.

More 'Junior' Westerns

We seem to have struck a series of junior westerns recently, the theme of which has to do with the handicaps attendant on being the peaceful son or daughter of a pioneer or the old west whose protracted existence depended on being quick on the draw.

The new "Destiny" which will be seeing here soon is a pale imitation of his three-eating father and although he brings law and order to a western town, he's only too glad to discover that he's not required to live up to the belligerent character of his supposed father.

And in "The Son of Belle Starr"—showing at the moment at the Empire—we find the notorious lady's son doing his best to bring the gold robbers to justice in order to prove to the world and Peggie Castle that all he's inherited from mama is her bravado.

Dona Drake is the other girl in this picture, but if you've ever seen Peggie Castle in the many supporting roles she's had over the last two years or so, it won't be Dona you'll be watching.

Beauty And The Beast

The trailer to "Revenge of the Creature" is, as is so often the case, misleading. The "creature" is represented as being human and able to appreciate the charms of Lori Nelson, whereas, in actual fact he is only chasing the bait the zoologists have put down for him.

The unfortunate girl—men for whom I felt a great deal of pity, even knowing that he was just an ordinary man inside a rather fearsome make-up job—has been trapped inside an aquarium and is being poked and prodded by a young professor and his assistant—John Agar and Lori Nelson respectively.

Loel, incidentally, doesn't attempt to get herself labelled as a blue-stocking because of her role in this picture—her scientific pronouncements to her fellow-workers are delivered with about as much conviction as a testatorial enthusiasm over the health-giving properties of a new brand of whiskey.

wounded, succeeds in reaching the water and diving deep down" thereby leaving room for yet another sequel to "The Creature from the Black Lagoon".

The Week-end Choice

In "Battle Circus" June Allyson is a nice clean living little Army nurse who, though she has had many passes made at her, as she tells Humphrey Bogart, has never made a slip.

Which, in language we can understand, means that though the wolves have howled around her, and have often come in quite close, she has managed to hold them off with a cheery smile, turning them into friendly little dogs ashamed of their rough ways.

From which you'll gather that it's the Allyson mixture as before—naïve, nice, and unshakable in her faith in the creed that there's one man for every one woman waiting somewhere. She has a hard time convincing that grizzled old hunter Bogart that romance with her can only be found within the charmed circle of a wedding ring, but her resistance, plus calmness in an emergency, finally get him into thinking that they're indispensable to each other and the fade-out leaves them gazing into the mists of a utopia magnificent in its blindness to reality.

This romantic approach is luckily not extended to the action part of the film. It's almost impossible for Keenan Wynn to put a foot wrong in pictures and it's he, rather than Humphrey Bogart who becomes the forceful character in all but the love scenes.

Dr Bogart Is A Tippler

In "Battle Circus" he's a one-time circus hand whose experience in striking and assembling a tented camp in the minimum of time is of paramount importance in the job the "Battle Circus" people are engaged on. Theirs is the dangerous one of getting in, on foot, and by helicopter, as close as they can to the actual fighting, and evacuating the wounded.

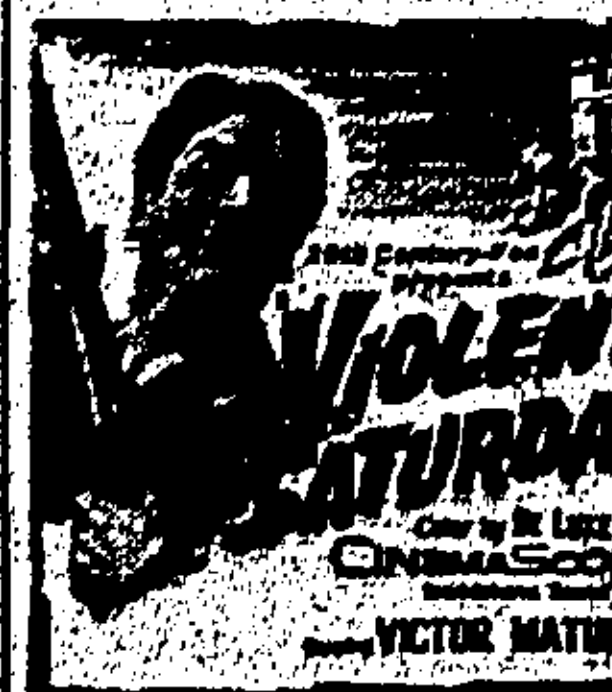
When each objective can change hands as often as three or four times in as many days it's a very tricky proposition, carrying as it does, the probability of being caught in the gunfire of one's own side. The paradox of having become almost indifferent to danger through constant contact with it is well conveyed by all the cast.

Bogart plays the part of an Army doctor whose addiction to the bottle seems to depend largely on hearsay—he takes a drink from time to time in the film, but not enough to make him the not entirely dependable character hinted at by his sympathetic commanding officer.

In spite of its somewhat Hollywoodian approach to what must have been a very serious down-to-earth side of the Korean war, this would be my choice if I could only see one film over the week-end.

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 p.m.

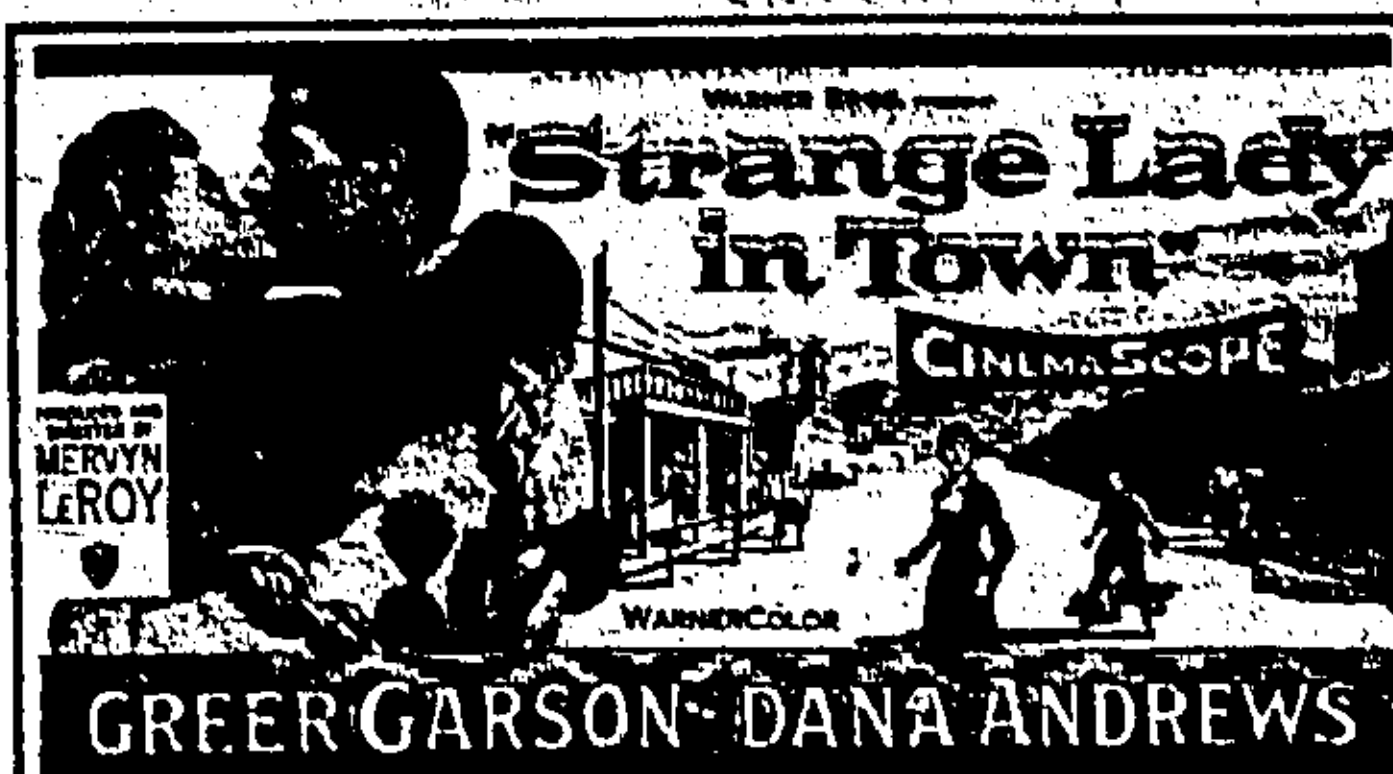


SPECIAL MORNING SHOW
TO-MORROW AT
12.30 P.M.

William Holden in
"SUBMARINE COMMAND"
Reduced Admission

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

QUEEN'S
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
William Holden-David Niven
Maggie McNamara
Released Thru United Artists

ALHAMBRA
Columbia's Colour Adventure!
"THE MAGIC CARPET"
Lucille Ball - John Agar
AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
WALT DISNEY'S
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Presented by
RKO Radio Pictures

BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
A SELECTED PROGRAMME
OF TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
Presented by
Fox & RKO Radio

Reduced Admission
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

LEE Theatre

TO-DAY AT 2.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CHUNG YEE DRAMA GROUP presents

Pah Jin's "THE FAMILY"

All Star Cast • Dialogue in Mandarin

ON THE STAGE

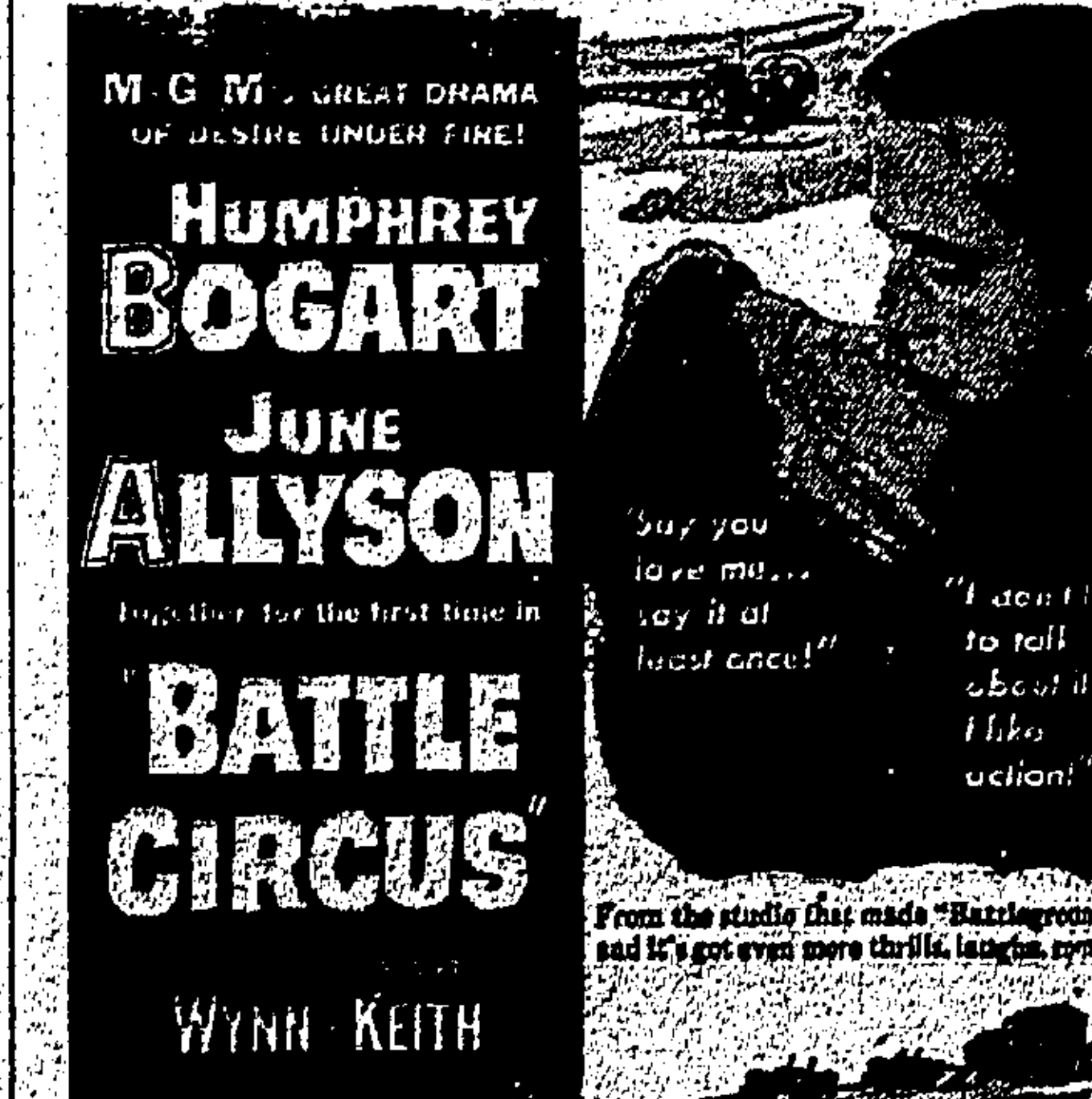
Admissions: \$8.50, \$6.00, \$4.70, \$3.00 & \$1.70 Tax Incl.

HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50333

— NOW PLAYING —

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Wynne Keith

Special Play by RICHARD BROOKS - Based on story by John Ford and Louis L'Amour

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS Produced by PANDRO S. BERNMAN An M-G-M Picture

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon
Esther Williams
Red Skelton in
"TEXAS CARNIVAL"
Technicolor

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Stewart Granger
Debrah Kerr in
"PRISONER OF ZENDA"
Technicolor

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The Mystery Of The \$11 Banknotes

Washington. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving this week disclosed that there were about 18 \$11 notes in circulation with a \$10 denomination on the front and \$1 on the back.

The chances of an error like this are roughly one in 150,000,000. The last time it happened, a few years ago, the bills had \$5 fronts and \$10 backs.

A New York woman who found the first of the new batch said she has been offered as much as \$500 for it. The Bureau is investigating to find out how the slip occurred.

All dollar currency is printed at the Bureau's big plant at Washington.

Millions A Day

Banknotes are produced at a rate of more than eight million per day, in sheets of 18, but it takes several days to produce each one. The backs are printed the first day, then the sheet is stored overnight in a humidifier, and later the seals, serial numbers and signatures.

The Bureau's belief is that a printer received a rumpled or damaged sheet of 18 when he drew a stack from storage while preparing to print \$10 fronts on sheets which already had their \$10 backs.

He may have taken the damaged sheet back to exchange it for a good one, and may have been issued one with \$1 backs instead of \$10. He possibly then placed it on his pile, sent it through the \$10 front machine. This is one theory being examined.

All banknotes are carefully checked but the system is not fool-proof and errors have occurred before.—United Press.

He Has The Longest Title

Ottawa.

The US Navy recently bestowed its Vice-Admiral Arthur D. Struble with the longest title "ever held by an admiral."

Not so, retorted the Royal Canadian Navy. The champion must be Rear-Admiral Harry George DeWolf, CBE, DSO, DSC, CD.

United States Navy representative of the joint chiefs of staff on the military staff committee of the security council of the United Nations. Admiral DeWolf's title: Principal military adviser to the Canadian ambassador in Washington, chairman Canadian joint staff, Canadian representative of the military representatives committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Canadian liaison representative to SACLANT.—United Press.

Amazing New Drug Discovered

Chicago.

A new drug may be "four to five times more potent" than compounds now used to relieve pain and other symptoms of rheumatic diseases, it was reported recently.

Preliminary trial of the new drug—called Prednisone—was described in the current journal of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Jack Dordick and Edward Gluck, both of Beth Israel Hospital, New York, said the new hormone compound may have distinct advantages in treating patients with joint pains, tenderness, stiffness, and inflammation from rheumatoid arthritis, and patients with rheumatic heart disease or gout.

The physicians treated 15 patients. All had previously received other treatment with slight relief, and 12 were rheumatoid arthritis sufferers.

The arthritis patients reported disappearance of pain and lessening of stiffness within one day or "taking prednisone. Muscle pain and stiffness disappeared in several days. Patients could walk, dress, and feed themselves.

The symptoms returned after prednisone therapy stopped.—United Press.

From Alaska: Russian and American Weathermen Rub Shoulders.

An 80-year-old Plans Another Trip To The Arctic.

From Rome: How A Now Famous Doctor Sank A Battleship In World War I.

The Last Royal Throne Of France Goes On View.

RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS "RUB SHOULDERS"

Weather-watching in the Arctic

Fairbanks, Alaska.

Russian scientists adrift on an ice floe and U.S. air force pilots of Alaska's 58th weather reconnaissance squadron are virtually rubbing shoulders in the vast barren regions of the Polar ice cap.

The ice on which the Russians have established an extensive weather observation station has slowly drifted eastward until it has reached a point about 650 miles north-west of Point Barrow, Alaska. Here it is almost directly on a route which is flown daily by B-29 weather planes from

Eielson air force base near Fairbanks.

Every day a reconnaissance plane flies north from Eielson almost to the North Pole, then westward to the 180th meridian and south-eastward back to Alaska. Air force pilots have found it easiest to spot the Russian camp on the ice in the perpetual darkness of the Polar winter when the twinkling lights are an amazing sight in a world of dark, icy desolation.

The air force planes parachute down radio devices which transmit weather data from lower altitudes back to the mother plane. Since these devices transmit in Morse code, pilots are certain that the Russians pick up reports. That is the only contact between the two nations on the Arctic ice. However, the Russians do transmit weather data

which they collect on an international wave band which can be received by Alaska stations.

The Russian camp is well equipped with extensive shelters, small observation planes and even helicopters. It is apparently supplied by transport planes on shuttle runs from Siberia which land on the drifting Polar ice at the camp. Recently, the 58th reconnaissance squadron flew its 1,500th mission over the Polar ice cap to gather weather data in the region which is known as the weather factory of the continent. To mark this flight the squadron flew Jack Ryan, the editor of Fairbanks Daily News-Miner and Walt Welch, manager of television station KTVF-Fairbanks, over the Polar flight track which is known as the "Polar Route."

Low clouds obscured the Russian base but the plane operator was picking up Russian conversation on his wave bands.

Sometimes the squadron encounters jamming of its radio communications, especially when flying its missions out along the Aleutians and northward up the Bering Sea. These missions which are also flown daily are known as "Loon Echo" flights. However, crewmen believe this jamming comes from Siberia. "We don't expect to have any trouble with the Russians in the Polar region," said Lt. Col. Fort W. Lipe, commander of the weather squadron. "Our job is to gather weather data that is of benefit to all nations. They should appreciate our work."—United Press.

More News About The Frozen North

80-YEAR-OLD PLANS HIS NINTH ARCTIC TRIP

Vancouver.

An energetic, 80-year-old sailor is in Vancouver busily planning to lead another expedition into the Arctic. Rear-Admiral Donald Baxter Macmillan of Boston, veteran of the Robert Peary dash to the North Pole in 1909, will navigate his sturdy schooner "Bowdoin" towards the Pole soon. He will be accompanied by his wife and 11 scientists and students.

Since the Peary expedition, the genial Macmillan has returned seven times to the Polar ice-cap. He was once lost for four years there—between 1913 and 1917—and six times he has remained within 300 miles of the Pole for 15 months at a time.

He says millions of tons of coal and oil cover the far northern ocean floor, with one team of coal 35 feet thick only nine degrees from the North Pole itself.

Recent claims that Commodore Peary did not quite get to the Pole disturb the Admiral. Two of the men who reached it with Peary are still alive, he points out. One is Matthew Henderson, Peary's Negro sled-driver, and another the Eskimo, Ootah. Moreover, he adds, every geographical society in the world recognizes Peary as the first man to reach it.

His Wife Is Going Too

Macmillan's wife, Miriam is one of his favourite topics. She is an author on the frozen north, has travelled 80,000 miles in the Arctic, and holds the world record as the woman who has ventured closest to the Pole. Adding to this list of achievements, Miriam Macmillan also does a fine job as first mate on her husband's northern-going schooner.

Macmillan says their courtship was rather unique. To begin with, Miriam was just four years old when he returned from the Peary expedition. He used to bounce her on his knee, telling her tales of icebergs and polar bears. They were married in 1935 when he returned from yet another Arctic voyage.

Macmillan's schooner "Bowdoin" is strongly constructed of double timber and planks so that it can't be crushed by icebergs. The ship is frozen into the Arctic wastes for 11 months at a time, banded with snow and topped with snow houses. It usually winters at Kane Basin off Greenland.

The crew of 11 comprises scientists and students in botany, zoology and anthropology in the north.

To Search For More Fish

Gosport.

The 500-ton former pleasure yacht Manihine, now converted into a floating laboratory, sails from Gosport soon on a four-year scientific expedition to find more fish in the Indian Ocean and South China Seas.

Three scientists, who join the ship at Singapore, will study marine life—from the habits of fish who take flying leaps to avoid nets, to the life history of the prawn.

The ship will cover something like 300,000 miles.

Fish, the staple diet of the people of Malaya, Borneo and Sarawak, is becoming scarcer as populations increase.

The expedition hopes to introduce to native fishermen more efficient methods of fishing.

At the present rate of increase, the population of Singapore will have doubled within 15 years—that is the sort of problem we face," says 46-year-old Captain David Davies, an ex-trawler skipper from Milford Haven, who will command the Manihine.

The expedition is sponsored by the Colonial Office.

Not A Turkey Not A Chicken But A Churkin

Chatham.

A hatchery proprietor has crossed a turkey with a chicken and come up with a successful "churkin."

According to Bob Brooks, of Chatham, the churkin combines the best features of the chicken and the turkey, both in egg production and as table fowl. The birds average about eight pounds dressed weight with much of the added weight in the broad breast.

Mr. Brooks, who runs the Sun-shine Hatchery, is now in his third year of experimenting. This year, for the first time, he was successful in producing the strange birds in usable quantities with 50 to 100 per week coming from the hatchling trays.

The churkin has a turkey neck, utterly devoid of any covering. Adult birds have a head with a turkey's characteristics, and the body and leg structure of the chicken.

Over an eight-month test period their egg production was 70 per cent of that of a similar number of hens," Mr. Brooks said. "They are for best flavoured eggs I ever tasted."

What kind of a noise does a churkin make? "It crows like a rooster," he said.

The French Throne Goes On View

Paris. The last royal throne of France has been installed in the Louvre, but the King it was made for never sat on it, and it is unlikely that any King ever will.

The throne, a huge gilt and velvet chair with the fleur-de-lis embroidered on its back, was intended for the Count of Chambord, who claimed the French crown as "Henry V" after the fall of Napoleon III in 1870.

It was purchased recently in Austria by Chilean art patron Arturo Lopez and presented to the Museum of Decorative Arts in the Louvre. But it will probably be moved eventually to the Chateau of Chambord where other relics of the pretender have been collected.

The Count of Chambord came within an ace of restoring the Bourbon dynasty to France in 1873 when the monarchist party held a majority of the Chamber of Deputies.

But the obstinate and unyielding pretender refused to accept the most important symbol of France's struggle and progress of a century—the tricolour flag.

They Said 'No'

This refusal, in addition to his insistence on the divine right of kings and his God-given mandate to rule, could not be stomachable by even the royalists of the day.

So the Count retired to an Austrian castle and spent his remaining years— he died in 1883—publishing letters on political affairs.

The Count died without issue, and the claim to the throne of France subsequently fell to the Count of Paris, who was an Orleanist. The Orleanists have furnished pretenders to this day.

The throne itself is in pure Second Empire style. Its back terminates in gilded figures supporting a crown. Its massive arms end in greyhound's heads, and its huge legs are heavily garlanded in gold.

The current pretender, Henri, Count of Paris, is allowed to live in France—and frequently publishes his views on French and international politics. "But there are no serious reasons for believing he will ever sit on the throne."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's a mistake being engaged to Roland for so long—the homey way he acts makes me feel like an old married woman like you!"

The Pope's Doctor Sank A Battleship

Rome.

Millions of people throughout the world know Professor Raffaele Paolucci as the doctor who nursed Pope Pius XII through his near-fatal illness of last December. But few know he was a World War I hero who personally sank an Austrian battleship.

Called to the colours shortly after Italy entered the first World War on the side of the allies, Paolucci, who had just finished his studies, was enrolled in the Italian Navy.

Because of his studies he was assigned to the military hospital of Ancona in the Adriatic coastline. Looking to go on active service, Paolucci spent all his spare time working on a "secret weapon."

It consisted of a floating platform carrying two torpedoes loaded with high explosives and with a special gadget by means of which it could be hooked on the keel of a ship.

When he presented his invention to the Navy headquarters in Ancona, he was referred to as a "madman." Human torpedoes and frogmen were to become popular 25 years later.

So They Tried It

A Navy commander, Raffaele Rossetti, however, thought the device had possibilities and succeeded in getting the Navy to try it out.

On a cold, moonless night, the last day of October, 1918, Paolucci and Rossetti made off in an armoured motorboat towards the heavily guarded port of Pola, where the powerful Austro-Hungarian navy lay at anchor.

Outside the port, the two men abandoned the motorboat slipped into the cold choppy water and swam towards the flagship of the Austrian navy, the battleship "Viribus Unitis."

Swimming underwater with two of the devices strapped on their backs, the two officers succeeded in attaching them on the keel of the battleship and left after setting a time bomb on each one.

As they swam off, they were spotted by the searchlight of a small corvette.

Battleship Evacuated

Captured and taken aboard the "Viribus Unitis" the two officers were questioned for hours. What baffled the Austrians was what two enemy navy officers were doing swimming inside a naval base. About three hours later, Rossetti told a stunned Austrian admiral that the battleship would blow up in 30 minutes. It was useless that so many men should be killed.

The admiral believed him and ordered the ship to be evacuated. Exactly on schedule the explosion rocked the navy base and the pride of the Austrian Navy slowly sank into the blue Adriatic waters.

King Victor Emmanuel III bestowed the title of Count of "Vittoria" on the young Paolucci. He was barely 28.—United Press.

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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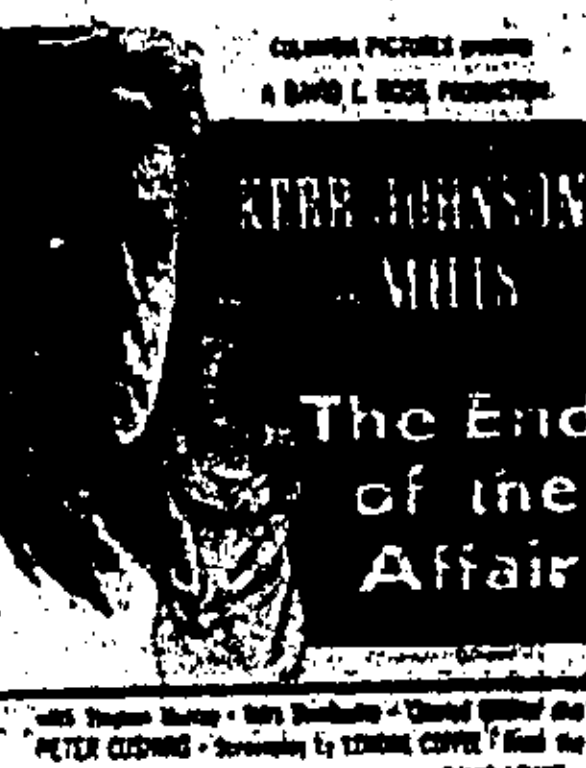
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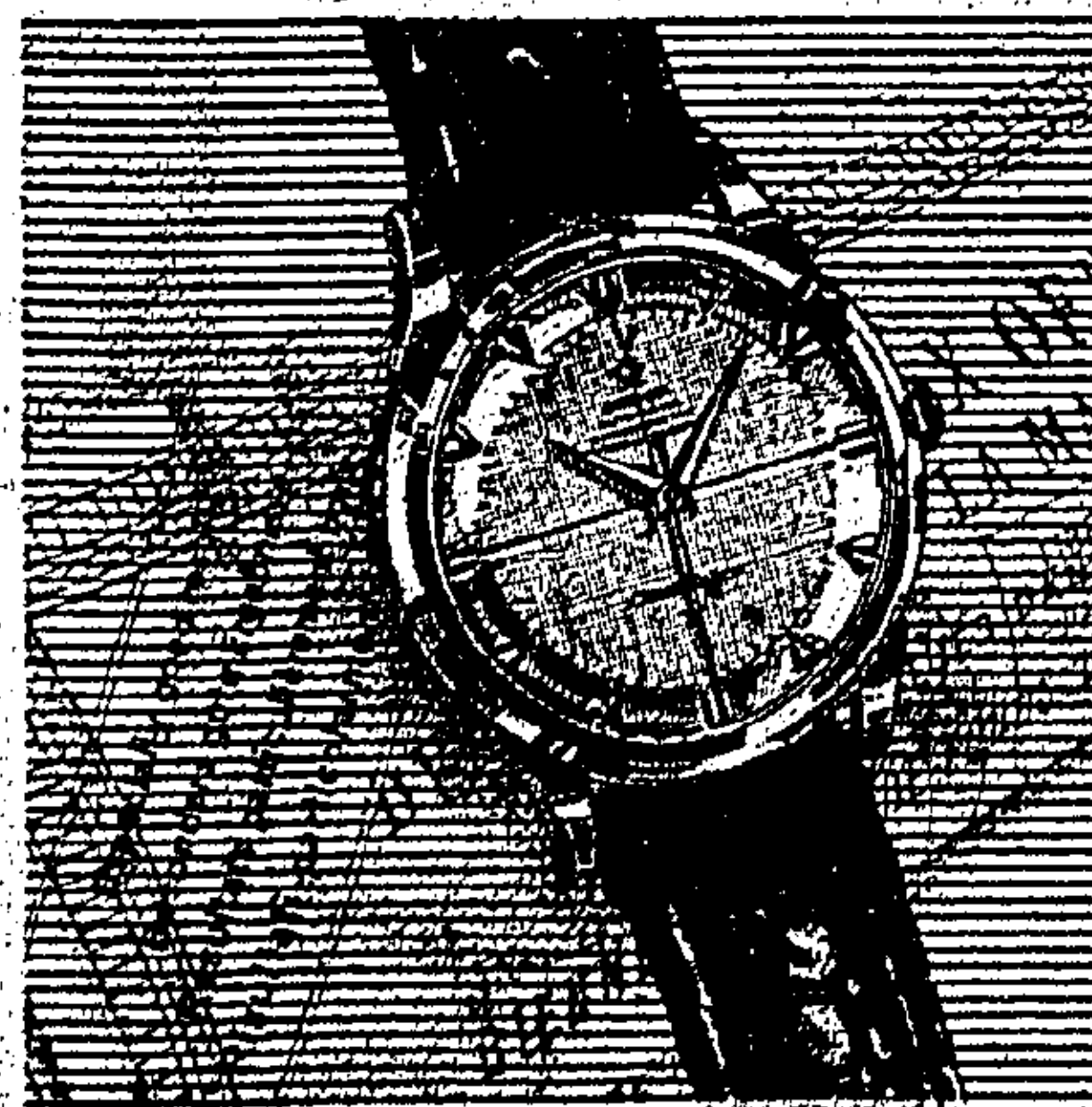
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QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, at the christening ceremony at Westminster Abbey of Sarah Lavinia Spencer, the young daughter of Lord and Lady Althorp. On the left is the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Allen Don. (Express)



LEFT: Jacqueline Cochran, the first woman to break the sound barrier. After her performance, she went to Paris, and later will go on safari in Africa. "How did I start flying?" she answered a reporter. "I went to an airport on a Saturday. I flew. On the Monday I was flying solo." (Express)



THE famous actress, Julia Neilson-Terry, reads congratulatory messages on her 87th birthday. Miss Neilson-Terry represents a link with a generation that to much of the world has become history. One of her early roles was as "Hypatia," which was produced as long ago as 1893. (Express)



BEFORE the railway strike ended in England. A small party of people in full evening dress leaving Victoria Coach Station, London. They were on their way to the opening night of Glyndbourne, Mr. John Christie's famous opera centre in the Sussex Downs. (Express)

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



THERE were six best men at the Marylebone wedding of Miss Abu Liakhoff and her cousin, Mr Michael Bibikoff, and three of them were Russian princes. Father Rodzianko helps the bride and groom to cut the cake at their wedding reception. (Express)



TWO old friends on their way to a London theatre party. Princess Margaret is seen with Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of a former American Ambassador, who is on a short visit to London. (Express)



AT a recent garden party given in London by Sir Claude Corea, the Ceylon High Commissioner, and Lady Corea. The hostess is seen with the Panamanian Ambassador, Dr Roberto Arias, and his wife. And can you recognise Senora Arias? None other than the famous ballerina, Margot Fonteyn. (Express)



THE first boy from the Barnardo's Homes for homeless children to become a Member of Parliament. Mr Ronald Ledger, the Socialist M.P. for Romford, Essex, after he made his maiden speech in the House. (Express)



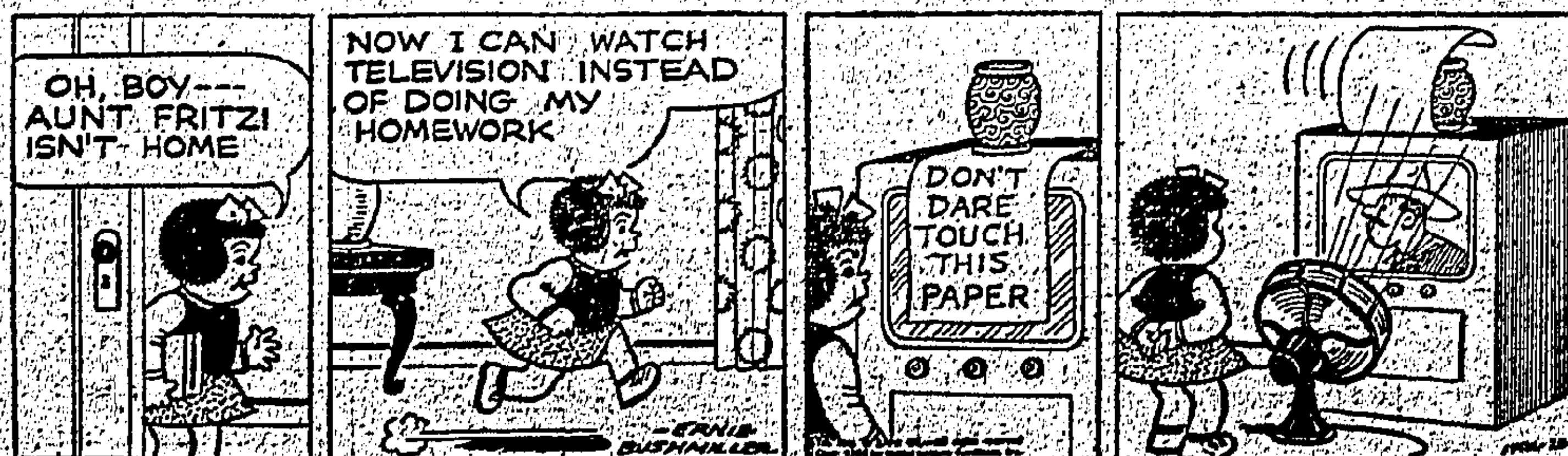
MEMBERS of the London County Council Staff Association walking around County Hall with their banners as part of their campaign for more pay. Because County Hall was within one mile of the House of Parliament, they were not allowed to form a procession. So the demonstrators walked thirty yards apart to conform to regulations. (Express)



THE Rev. Francis James Coveney, grey-haired, six feet tall former Scotland Yard Chief Inspector, pictured with his wife and three children at Southampton on their arrival from Australia. He went to Australia to be a security officer, but last year threw up his £1,500 a year job to join the ministry. During the war he acted as guard to Mrs. Roosevelt and General Eisenhower when they were in Britain. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

GIRL'S LONE PORTUGUESE MULE TOUR

From Paul McGreevy

Oporto. **EX-DEBUTANTE**, 24-year-old Cherry Cresswell-Turner has finished a three months' lone tour of Portugal on a mule.

And she did it on a two shillings a day budget with a Punct and Judy show to help her along.

Her equipment: a sleeping bag, a tin can, two pairs of jodhpurs, a bush hat, two open-necked men's shirts and a huge sheaf knife.

She barely escaped death by drowning when the flat boat on which she was sailing down the River Douro rapids struck a submerged rock and sank.

Miss Cresswell-Turner had wanted to see how Portugal's famous port wine was taken down the River Douro from the vineyards to Oporto on its way to Britain.

NOT AFRAID

Was she afraid? "No," she said. "I was a rowing coach at Oxford. Actually, the boat was overloaded with wine casks and she sank very slowly. The five-day voyage down the Douro was terribly exciting. The Portuguese have been doing this for over 200 years, using the same kind of boat that I was on. We sank between high craggy banks, where the rock formation reminded me of Henry Moore's sculptures. They say in Portugal that this river trip makes the port wine taste better."

Blonde, curly-haired Miss Cresswell-Turner is the daughter of an Air Commodore. She is stockily built and very competent in the art of self-defence, having learned judo.

I asked her if she had used her knife, and she replied: "Oh, I did brandish it a couple of times to scare away would-be Don Juans."

"This trip has been awfully amusing," she said. "Young people at home would love it and I should be glad to tell them about it. In fact, I am hoping to write a book on Portugal. One of the things I think people should know about is Father America's Boytown outside Coimbra, Portugal's famous university city."

EASY TO TELL

Why did she choose to travel by mule for most of her trip? "Well," she commented, "it seems to me that mules are good transport and pack animals. Besides, it's so easy to tell when a mule is bad tempered—small pupils of the eyes and too much white showing."

Cherry Cresswell-Turner has been making a habit of odd jobs and expeditions since she left Oxford. She has been a tourist courier in Italy, a clerk in a big warehouse in Paris and, in London, a demonstrator at exhibitions and a char.

I asked her where she was going next. She relaxed, and said: "Algiers, with a university expedition, and then for a three-week underwater exploration of a sunken temple off Cyprus."

SENDING THEM TO COVENTRY

By JOHN McKENNA

London. **ONE** of the more loathsome habits of small boys is that of sending one of their "number" to Coventry.

The process involves singling out some wretched child, then totally ignoring him, acting as if he just didn't exist. The game is cruel, its effects can be devastating on a sensitive victim, and it is almost invariably instigated by bullies and their sheepish followers.

The only redeeming feature is that "sending to Coventry" is essentially a childish punishment, and most normal people grow out of any readiness to inflict it.

Most—but not all. That the "silence treatment" is still favoured by some grown-ups was evident when finally the national railway strike ended in Britain. All the leaders concerned agreed that there should be no victimisation.

UNPREJUDICED

Certainly, the striking railwaymen whose action had put the nation nearly to a standstill were not victimised. They returned to work with their security unimpaired.

But within a few hours questions began to be asked about the way they were observing their side of the bargain.

There was, for instance, the message delivered to returning officers in Edinburgh by their

secretary, Mr James Rooney. Speaking of the men who had worked through the strike he said: "I say we should work according to rule with these men and hand over to them under official instructions. But all social contacts thereafter should cease."

And, in Hastings, where strikers were celebrating their return to work at a party, one of their officials, a certain Mr A. Lennard, said of three local men who had kept on working: "They will probably be chucked out, but until we hear from headquarters I am saying nothing officially except to point out that they won't be very happy working on British railways from now on."

THEIR RIGHT

Now, Mr Lennard was taking quite a lot on himself with this little speech. He was telling the British public who are, after all, the employers of the nationalised railway workers, that life was going to be made tough for certain of their servants who had chosen to exercise every Britisher's right to follow the dictates of his conscience.

Up in Edinburgh Mr Rooney was putting up much the same proposition.

All of which left many Britons asking themselves, "Just who do they think they are?" It also left them pondering the distasteful fact that "sending to Coventry" has of late become increasingly prevalent among certain trade unions.

By HAROLD WALTON

berland. Its presence was soon reported to the nearest operations room of the Royal Air Force.

There (by an extraordinary coincidence which no one could possibly have appreciated at the time) its course was plotted by the Duke of Hamilton, who had been a member of the R.A.F. for 14 years. He asked the Observer Corps for its identification.

"Messerschmitt 110" came the answer. Ridiculous, thought the Duke. No Messerschmitt 110 could fly all that distance across the North Sea and hope to return.

He said as much to the Observer Corps. They had another look. But the answer was the same, as the plane was plotted westwards, ever westwards, over the dark, bleak Cheviot Hills and the Scottish Lowlands towards Glasgow. "It is an Me 110."

Suddenly the reports of the plane's progress ceased. Then came the news that it had crashed just south of Glasgow that the German pilot had baled out and was a prisoner. And the Duke of Hamilton, his night's duty over, went to bed.

At 1 a.m. the telephone in the operations room rang again. It was a call from the Glasgow police, asking urgently for the Duke of Hamilton. The senior controller woke the Duke.

"That Me 110," he said. "The police say the man who baled out—he gives the name of Alfred Horn—wants to speak to you. He tried to bale out over Dungavel, your home. Can you come along to see the local Home Guard?"

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"If it ain't Bert Higgins! And us thinking he be up in Lunnon on strike duty."

London Express Service

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

The Amazing Flight Of Rudolf Hess

By HAROLD WALTON

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Hess At The Height Of Nazi Power

that Hitler was a wrong 'un, but if his own white-headed boy thought the same, he must be a very wrong 'un indeed.

The maggot is in the apple," said Mr Churchill in one of his telling wartime phrases.

Hess himself was screened from public view—in one of our more exclusive prisoner-of-war camps. There he was to stay through the years that followed, but the strange purport of his coming slowly leaked out.

Yes, he had come to offer peace. That Saturday morning of May 10, while the Luftwaffe crews were receiving their briefing for what was destined to be the last really big pilot-bomber raid on London, he had presented himself at an airfield near Munich and, almost certainly with the knowledge of Hitler, he had set off for Scotland with some garbled peace plan—if you can call it such—in his pocket.

To his wife he said on leaving: "Don't worry. I'll be back on Monday."

His statements when he did arrive in Britain were incoherent and rambling, yet none could say that he was really mad.

What was his peace offer?

It boiled down, simply to this: let Britain rid herself of her present Government—especially Mr. Churchill—and Hitler would give her peace. He would allow her to keep her Empire and her merchant navy, and a mortal struggle between the two

great Nordic races will be avoided.

Falling acceptance of these terms "England is doomed to destruction; Hitler will launch great fleets of bombers against her and she will lose her Empire." (Was that big raid on London, then, more than a cold-chamber?)

Hess, with his warped and megalomaniac mind, apparently thought the British people would fall for this. Stranger still, he seemed to have an idea that a peace party, strong enough to overthrow the Churchill Government, existed at that time in Britain, and that (for some inexplicable reason) the Duke of Hamilton—whom all along he insisted he had met at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936—was in touch with this party.

The Duke, of course, was entirely innocent in the matter. He had never met Hess (though he admitted that it was possible he attended some function at which Hess may have been present). And as for a "peace party," was there ever such in Britain? As the Duke himself later brusquely told Hess: "There is only one Party in Britain now. And that is the Government."

SILENCE

Hess remained in Britain until the end of the war and the final destruction of Hitlerism. Then, with the other war criminals, he faced his trial at Nuremberg. He received a sentence of imprisonment for life.

Today, a prematurely aged 67, with haggard features and deep sunken eyes, Hess remains incarcerated in the forbidding Spandau Gaol, on the edge of Berlin, guarded in turn by the British, the Americans, the Russians and the French. He talks apparently to no one (not even to the other war criminals sharing his imprisonment) but himself.

And to himself he talks quite a lot. Often he shouts at the top of his piping and querulous voice: "The Russians are out to kill me!"

No wonder the guards and other inmates call him "Mad Rudi." Frequently he is examined by Allied mental experts, but he never exchanges conversation. To the padre who visits him he maintains a stony, uncomfortable silence.

They say he may be writing a book, because every day he makes copious notes, and already he has covered hundreds of sheets of paper. His only other activity is to tend the prison garden. He is very jealous of his cabbages.

His wife, whom he last saw, as a free man, on that historic day more than 13 years ago, now lives with their son, 18-year-old Wolf Rüdiger, in the family chalet in the Bavarian Alps.

Is he really mad? And was he mad that day he flew the North Sea on that crazy grand of peace? The psychiatrists may have their doubts in deciding this but to most ordinary people the answer is clear.

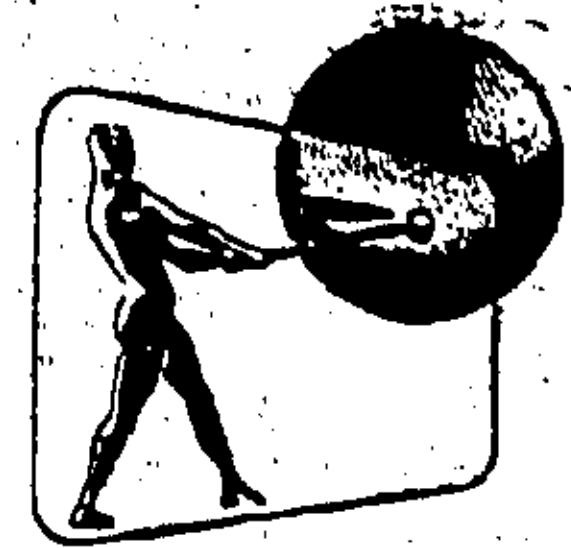
To have expected England to make peace on Hitler's terms at any stage of the war is proof of madness indeed, they will say. And in my view history will confirm that view.

GNAW MANWHIZZ

DUMBIS KUMMIN

ZOO NYNWUN

GUD TYRRN



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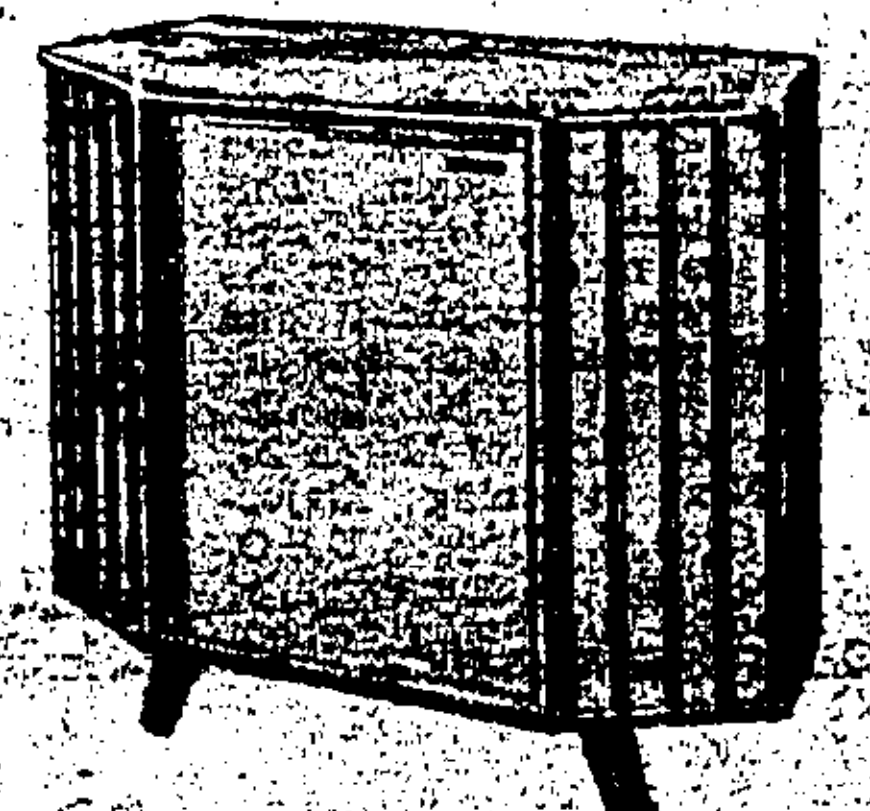
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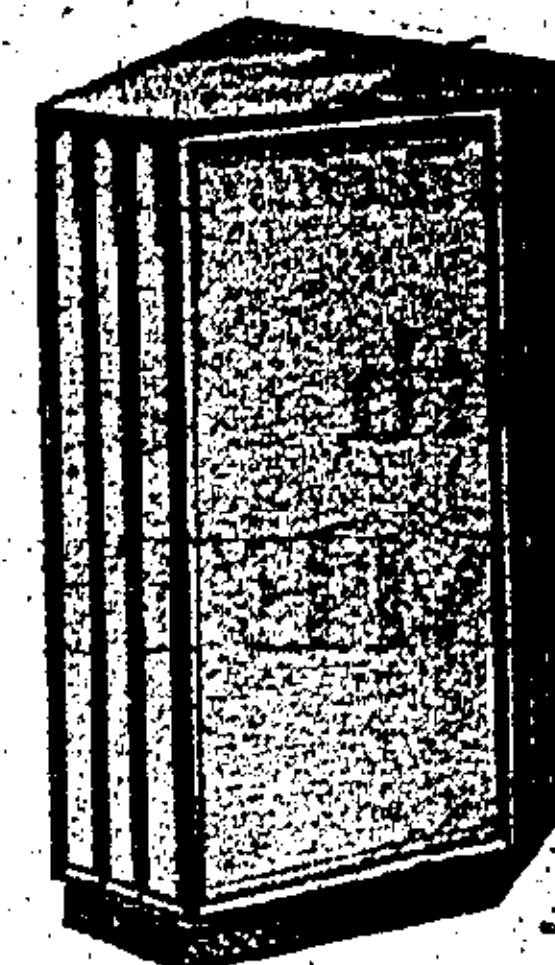
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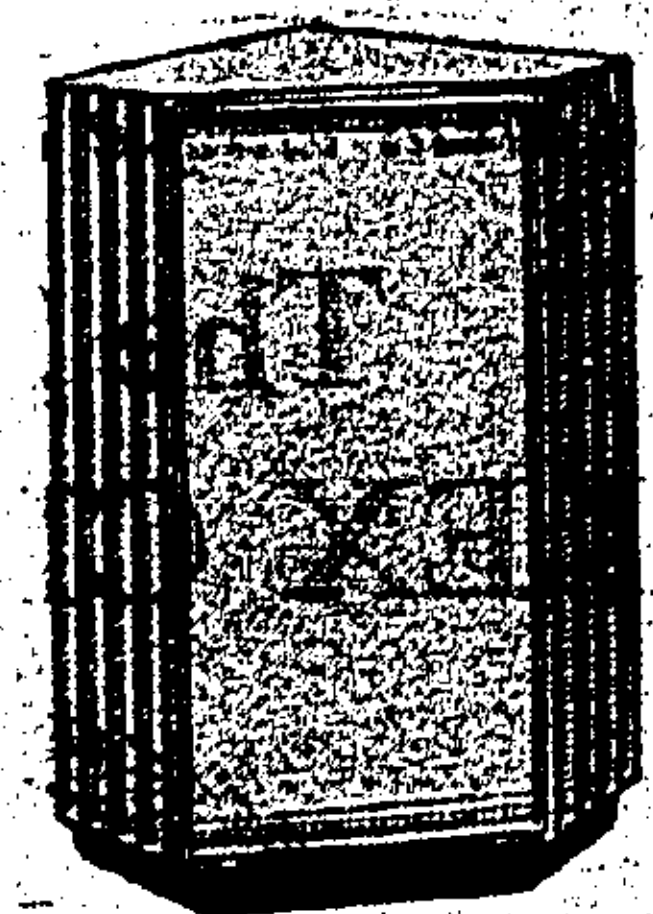
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IT STARTS TODAY — the story of Britain's strangest hero: WINGATE THE ENIGMA



The Chindit badge.

"A man of genius," said Churchill — yet some who served with Wingate thought he was a fanatic. Wavell hailed him as the most brilliant soldier of the war — but Wingate died frustrated and unhappy. He left a riddle of personality that one man now sets out to solve

It was a pinpoint of light at first in the blackness of the jungle, and Lieutenant Benjamin, the pilot of the American bomber flying above it on his way back to his base in Assam, gave it no more than a glance.

He was, in any case, busy with his job of taking his craft through the fierce electrical storm flickering dangerously through the tropical sky.

For a minute or two, however, there was no more lightning, and he looked down at the dark earth, again. This time the light was bright and baleful, so much so that he made a swing towards it and noted the position; and then he flew on.

It was the night of March 24, 1944. Next morning Major-General Orde C. Wingate, D.S.O. and two bars, Commander of the Chindits, the man whom Churchill had picked as the next Army Commander in Burma, was reported missing.

And deep in the forest, where the American pilot had seen the burst of flame, was where a search party subsequently found, among the charred bodies of the victims, a

HE MARCHED TO WAR WITH A BIBLE

—And he ruled his men with the rod and the whip

by
Leonard Mosley

battered and greasy old Indian topee. The topee which Orde Wingate had worn as a young soldier with the Sudan Defence Force in the 1920's; as the leader of the British Army which put Emperor Haile Selassie back on his throne in Ethiopia in 1941; and as the fanatic and indefatigable fighting man and student of war who helped to revitalise the Burma campaign and put new heart into the weary troops on the unpleasant front of the war.

Orde Wingate, at 41, was dead, the dream of his life unfulfilled.

The follower

THE late Field-Marshal Earl Wavell described him as the most brilliant soldier in the war.

Churchill wrote of him: "Young Wingate is a man of genius and audacity."

Yet those who know the secrets of his mind and heart know too that he died an unhappy and frustrated man, and the anguish with which he met his end in the slime and mud of Burma must have been bitter indeed. For though he was a fervent believer in the will of God, his whole life had been built, through all its adventures, tragedies and humiliations, on a conviction that God had a different fate ready for him to work out, many thousands of miles away, in Palestine.

He was a Briton by birth and race, but in spirit he was a Jew and hoped to die one.

Why was this? He had no Jewish blood in his veins. But he had something just as potent in his heart: a love of the Old Testament and the Jewish prophets, law-givers and soldiers of whom the Bible told; and when he arrived in Palestine for the first time it was like coming to his own people.

If it was the will of God that he should die in battle, he believed he would do so as a follower of that Gideon of the Old Testament, to whom the Lord said: "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel." That he would, in fact, lead a Jewish army as its commander-in-chief across the plains of Israel in the last great battle of the war, and of the civilisation in which he believed.

But what he (and only a few members of the Cabinet and the Army Council) knew was that, even had he emerged from Burma and lived to fight in other places, he would not have been allowed back to Jerusalem; not that, so long as the Holy Land remained a British Mandate. For an order issued by the highest military authorities in London, on what they believed to be substantial

grounds, banned him from entering Palestine and ordered him to be turned back should he attempt to cross its frontiers.

So let me begin to tell the story of this great soldier, this brave man, this strange, sad, perplexing Orde Charles Wingate.

I knew him well and I use my adjectives deliberately. It is essential to his memory and reputation, and to the esteem, affection and burning admiration in which he was held by so many British soldiers and statesmen that I should describe not only the path which his life followed but the landscape of thought, influence, and ambition through which it passed.

What sort of a man was he? There are some famous generals to whom, today, he is merely a competent guerrilla leader with a flair for publicity and the manners of a lout.

Yellow fury

AT a meeting with Wavell, Wingate listened to one famous general criticising his plan for the conquest of East Africa and, though only a major, bounced to his feet in a yellow fury.

"Shut up, you stupid old fool!" he cried. "It is men like you who lose us wars."

There are some soldiers who would describe him as a ruthless and sadistically cruel man, with a Freudian leaning towards the rod and whip.

As an officer in Palestine he once shocked his senior officers by proposing a change in King's Regulations, giving permission for a junior officer on operations to execute his men on the spot. He instituted flogging as punishment for Chindit soldiers found asleep at their posts or stealing rations.

On both sides of the Atlantic there are many who believe he was an amalgam of many qualities: a fantastic mixture of greatness and mediocrity, of skill and incompetence, of gentleness and cruelty, of good and evil—of high motives and fierce ambitions.

Which of all these different men was he? Which of the men who met him really knew him? I believe he was an amalgam of many qualities: a fantastic mixture of greatness and mediocrity, of skill and incompetence, of gentleness and cruelty, of good and evil—of high motives and fierce ambitions.

An investigating committee visiting the "Lico" plant at Burgas, Bulgaria, recently discovered 12,000 yards of plaster board (one of the firm's products) hidden in some caves near the plant.

Factory officials confessed that the plaster board was faulty, and in order to avoid bringing this fact to the notice of the authorities they had thought it best to make the board "disappear."

Partridges are in danger of dying out in Czechoslovakia—and no wonder!

It is well known that up to last season the Party bosses, relaxing at one of the "nationalised" shooting boxes, were in



WINGATE — by artist Emmwood, who knew him and served with him in the Burma campaigns.

ing the Bible aloud. He would sometimes sit in the company of his officers and men, for hours at a time, picking at the naked body and groaning "Oh, God, why have you forsaken me?" He was subject to terrible bouts of depression, when he covered himself in a Satan who seemed to be leering over his shoulder.

Some remember him as a mountebank. They despised the way he would walk around headquarters in his old topee and greasy bush-jacket, carrying an alarm clock on his finger "to remind you that time is ticking away." They hated him for his self-confidence and over-confidence, and can sit down and assert that he was incompetent and ignorant.

In many places in the Army and the Government, Wingate is considered to have been a traitor to his country, placing the interests of others before those of his own people, in the gravest of moments.

And there are great soldiers and great statesmen who insist that Orde Wingate was a genius.

Which of all these different men was he? Which of the men who met him really knew him? I believe he was an amalgam of many qualities: a fantastic mixture of greatness and mediocrity, of skill and incompetence, of gentleness and cruelty, of good and evil—of high motives and fierce ambitions.

of Isaiah and Jeremiah and the Judges and Proverbs, and Psalms. He became a Plymouth Brother like his father.

The boy of Charterhouse, where he went to school, remember him as an introspective mouse who would suddenly run out of the mental hole in which he hid to indulge in an outburst of gaiety or anger. His fellow cadets at Woolwich, which he entered to train as an officer in the artillery, recall that, for some long-lost reason, they made him run the gauntlet, after which he told one of them: "I shall bear the scars of that humiliation for the rest of my life."

Heroic jaw

HE seemed to encourage the antagonism of his fellow officers, however. The late General Beresford-Peirse, who was Wingate's commanding officer during his period of training at Larkhill Barracks, recalled that Wingate once decided to use his manly leave to get to know Arabic idioms and customs.

He found a household in the East End used by Arabs and moved in with them, resolved to eat, talk, act and behave as they did. He returned, unshaven, and lousy, and was taken by his fellow subalterns to the sacrificial stone at Stonehenge, there stripped and scrubbed.

His height was only medium, and even in his twenties he had the slight stoop which was later, with his topee, his clock, and his fly-whisk, to become a recognisable characteristic; but his face had an almost majestic handsomeness to it, with an heroic jaw, forehead, and nose, a gentle mouth, and blue-grey eyes, which seemed to look beyond the skin into the mind of anyone upon whom he was gazing.

In the Sudan, to which he was seconded as a bimbashi (the most junior rank for a British officer) in the Sudan Defence Force in 1928, Orde Wingate could have used his looks and charm as a passport to promotion.

He had just the right background to respect. His relative, Sir Reginald Wingate had been one of the great Governor-Generals of the Sudan, and his blood relationship with Lawrence of Arabia, through his mother's Anglo-Irish relatives, was well known.

Yet though he was always intensely ambitious for rank in the Army, he seems to have made next to no effort to ingratiate himself with his superiors.

Wingate was probably too busy studying the scriptures or their more susceptible wives, because he was busy perfecting his Arabic and, to use his own words to me, "prodding into my soul and being." He was also beginning to experiment in those unorthodox methods of warfare which were to bring him such fame later.

The wanderer

HE was stationed, while in the Sudan, on the Ethiopian border, with the job of keeping order among the natives, and protecting them from the raids of slave-traders coming across from Ethiopia for supplies for the slave markets in Addis Ababa. He was as ruthless with the marauders he caught as he was later to be with captured Arabs, Italians, and Japanese.

In between his duties he would wander off by himself across the wilderness along the border, sometimes for two or three days at a time. He would take neither food nor water with him. He would march off, singing Psalms aloud, as he walked, like some Old Testament prophet. Whether the stimulus of these treks was penitential and religious, and it probably was, to some degree, the fact remains that Wingate got much of his experience as a military guerrilla from them.

He learned how long he could go without food or water. He learned to rely on his feet and stamina as a means of transport. He learned something which was to prove invaluable to himself, his soldiers, and his campaign: later on, an uncanny knack of finding his way across impossible and strange country and reaching his objective, using only a map and a compass.

The Sudan failed to teach him how to make friends or win

premeditation. He was moody and unpredictable, and his Biblical talk, especially his references to "the temptations of Satan," made his companions uneasy. On a local leave he went on an expedition into the Libyan Desert, sleeping in a hole in the sand in his clothes as shelter from the wind; and it was during this expedition that "the first profound depression of my life," as he called it, came upon him. "I was tempted by Satan and wrestled with him through a night and a day before God helped me to conquer him."

He was apt to have those depressive bouts, full of evil compulsion, when things were going wrong for him; perhaps in this case because the lost Oasis of Zerzura, for which he was searching, eluded him.

And then two things occurred to this sombre, brooding, extraordinary young man (who was 30) which were to warm and illumine his chess-like life like twin shafts of sunlight. He met the love of his life and married her. And he was posted to Palestine.

The husband

LORNA Patterson was 16 years old and was returning to England by boat with her mother.

Wingate was going home on leave. For most of the voyage through the Mediterranean, he had been left on his own by the passengers, for he had been treating an ascetic or imagined baldness with a favourite cure of his: an application of meat-dripping which he obtained from the ship's kitchen.

Lorna Patterson seems to have had no doubt, from her first view of him, that here was the man she was going to marry, even though they did not speak to each other until they were both about to disembark at Marseilles. She was

NEXT WEEK
WINGATE AND THE SECRET ARMY

very lovely. It is a measure of Wingate's preoccupation that he did not speak to her for several days.

They arranged to meet in Paris on the way home, and thereafter in London. They were irretrievably in love. They announced their intention to marry, and in spite of anxious family conferences, with the Wingates in Surrey and the Pattersons in Aberdeen, at which Lorna's extreme youth was pointed out by both families, they were married. It was a union of two remarkable people; for, in her way, Lorna Wingate, a ravishing beauty, was a woman whose individuality matched that of her husband.

They sailed together for Palestine, where Orde Wingate was to take up his job as intelligence officer at H.Q. British Forces, Jerusalem, in September 1936. Wingate and his young wife read the Bible together, and studied the Palestine question on the way.

The Zionist

EVEN before they reached Jerusalem they decided that the Jewish case was the right one, and announced themselves, as convinced Zionists. Shortly after his arrival Captain Wingate was introduced to Emanuel Wilsniski, who was suspected by the British of being Chief Intelligence Officer of Hagana, the Jewish secret army. (They were right. He was.)

Immediately Wingate looked piercingly at Wilsniski, with those blue-grey eyes and said: "Do you believe in a Zionist State?" Wilsniski said he did.

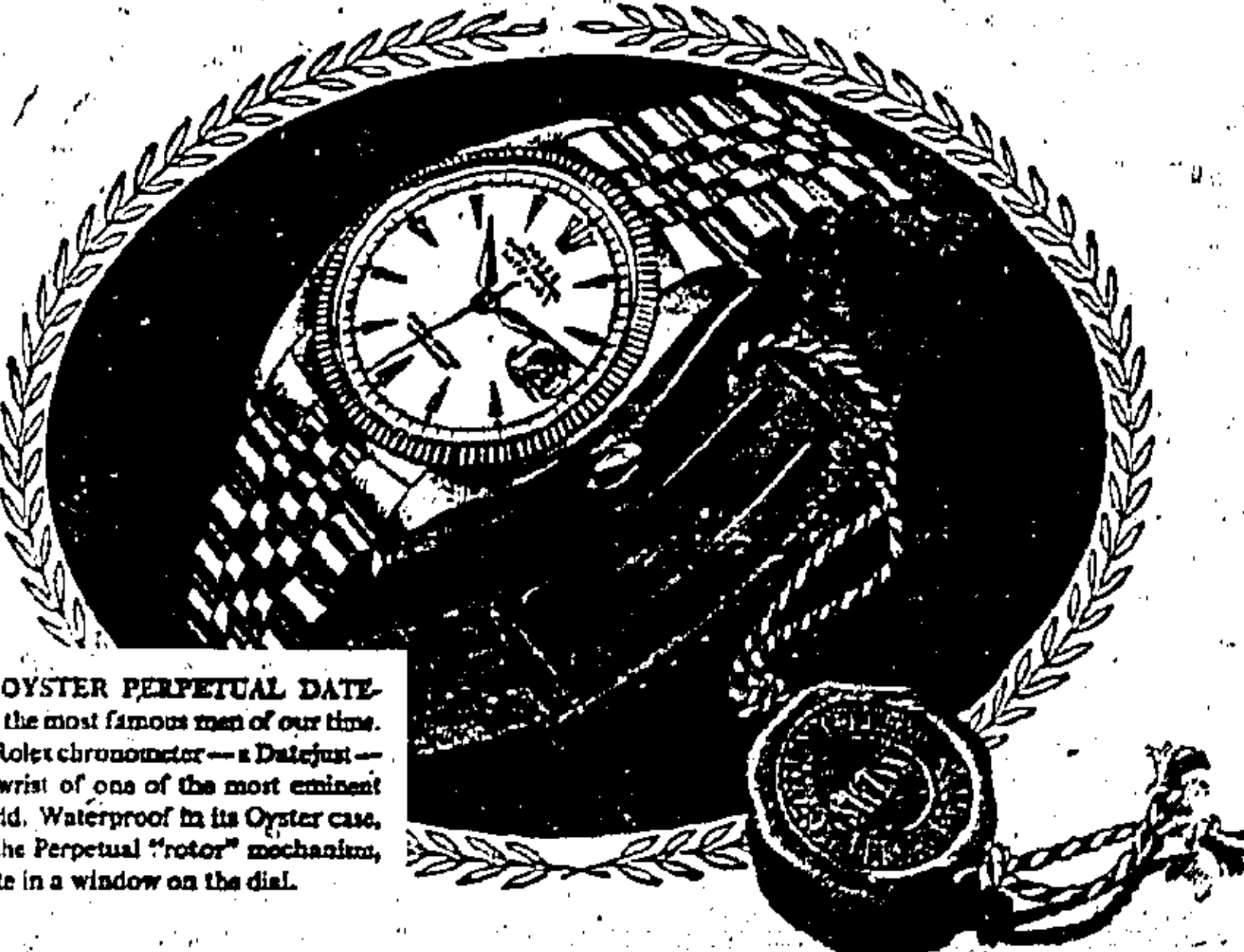
"I do too," said Wingate. "But you know you Jews will have to fight for it. And you will need me to lead you in your fight."

Since the British at this time firmly opposed a Jewish State, Wilsniski thought he was either being spoofed or that Wingate, whom he knew to be a British intelligence officer, was trying to trick him. He was soon to learn how wrong he was.

[These extracts are adapted from "Gideon Goes to War" published by Arthur Barker.]

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Facts & Figures —

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IRON CURTAIN CURIOSITIES

By RITCHIE McEWEN

A CZECH announcement reports that rose bushes have been planted at Blatna for medicinal purposes. The announcement mentions that if placed end-to-end they would stretch for 24 miles.

The vitamin roses are to be used in preparations to combat arterio-sclerosis. The "Anest" variety is called the "Krasna Uslavanka." Its colour is "red, tinged with orange."

Factory officials confessed that the plaster board was faulty, and in order to avoid bringing this fact to the notice of the authorities they had thought it best to make the board "disappear."

Partridges are in danger of dying out in Czechoslovakia—and no wonder!

It is well known that up to last season the Party bosses, relaxing at one of the "nationalised" shooting boxes, were in

the habit of using light machine-guns when they went out hunting.

A Hungarian refugee, formerly a factory engineer, who has escaped from Hungary to Austria, states that an arms factory in the town of the Sirok, producing infantry weapons and ammunition, including rifles and machine guns of unspecified types, has been disguised as a chocolate factory.

The workers there are not allowed to leave the town without a special permit, which is only granted in exceptional circumstances.

Under a special regulation of the Hungarian National Health Scheme, insured persons who report sick and are unable to work are forbidden to move more than 50 metres (about 155 feet) from their front doors while drawing benefits.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



DID IT HAPPEN?

A Sunday Afternoon

"WELL, I suppose I shan't be shot at dawn?" I asked Lieutenant Vitsa cheerfully. To my dismay the young security officer did not even smile.

"We shoot no one without court martial," he said.

He seemed to me very obstinate for a Rumanian. He lacked finesse.

"After all, I wasn't even under arrest—yet."

"Where are you taking me?"

"Down to Vatra Dornei—to the DPM, Northern Carpathian Command."

My notebook was full of details of the Rumanian and Hungarian armies. I felt that an angry provost marshal was unlikely to consider this interest as harmless as I thought it myself.

"If I were you, I shouldn't bother him on Sunday afternoon," I suggested. "After all, my documents are in order. Be a sport and let me go back to Bukarest."

"I have no evidence that you left it when you say you did."

Stroke of luck

Well, he hadn't. But I did not suggest that he should telephone Bukarest. It wouldn't help at all. If he or his DPM got on to the Rumanian General Staff to inquire about me, the immediate reply would be that I was a British officer and any evidence against me would be extremely welcome.

It was September, 1940, and in Rumania was still the remnant of a British Military Mission. We were muffled and registered as clerks at the Legation, but had no diplomatic immunity. The Germans—after the fall of France—knew our names. From time to time we were pointedly arrested just to satisfy the Gestapo liaison officers in the Rumanian police.

Still, we liked to feel that we were not completely useless. When Hitler handed over Transylvania to the Hungarians and ordered the Rumanians to get out within six days, I was delighted to be turned loose—if I could get loose—to watch the movement of the troops.

I had started from Bukarest on Thursday, and by a stroke of luck passed straight through the cordons of troops guarding the road to the west. Just one

of those things that will happen in armies. I may have been mistaken for a politician, or my driver for the mayor's driver. Or perhaps the number of the black Cadillac resembled that of a local taxi. I never found out. Somebody, it is true, shouted "Stop!" but didn't press the point. A moment later we were doing a steady climb through Transylvania in the general direction of the Axis Powers.

Soon we came upon the long columns of the Rumanian army, pulling back 250 miles to the East and on the last stretch. All the roads were jammed with weary men, marching under a pall of dust and followed by ox-carts and horse transport, laden with their baggage and stores and barefooted soldiers. Few of their units were motorised, and they were not allowed to requisition the civilian lorries of the abandoned provinces. It was like watching the migration of a tribe.

In the evening the last of the rearguard staggered gallantly



by Geoffrey Household

BORN IN 1900, Geoffrey Household did not produce his first novel until he was 37. Since then he has scored a succession of direct hits including *Rogue Male* and *English Secret*. His adventure story *Follow the Sun* was a best-seller. He is now a freelance writer and has also written a number of screenplays. He is in constant touch with his Rumanian friends, who he shares with his Hungarian wife, three children and two cats.

past. They were still fighting fit, and the ambulances were nearly empty. The villages inhabited by Rumanians waved goodbye and wept. The dust settled. Transylvania was mine to play in.

The Friday and Saturday were exhilarating—nights and days of travel in a country with no government at all. No police, no military, no politicians and the pubs open all day long. I forgot that I was, technically, a spy—or, if that is putting it too strongly, at least a British officer in civilian clothes impudently enjoying himself in potentially enemy territory.

On Sunday at dawn we watched from a safe distance the first cautious advance of the Hungarians into their new lands, and, equally cautious ourselves, fled away in front of them praying that we wouldn't have a picture. That part of Transylvania—all wooded hills and pasture like the Welsh border—was largely inhabited by Hun-

garians. Their villages were inviting streets decorated with triumphal arches and tables of food and wine.

My Polish driver was thirsty, and suddenly inspired.

"Stick up the flag, sir," he suggested.

I saw what he meant. We put up the Union Jack on the bonnet and the next village received us with roars of applause. Who were we? What were we doing? How marvellous to be given Transylvania and find that the Nazis weren't going to have all their own way?

"I am," I said, descending with dignity from the car, "the official British observer."

We drove through Bistritza, a town of sulky Saxons and swastikas and began the gloomy climb up through the pine forests to the new Rumanian frontier. At the top was a barrier. I tried to bluff. My driver and I each found a bayonet six inches from our ribs. After all that humiliation the Rumanian soldiery was eager for blood. It was evident that our would do nicely pending anything better.

Official fate

That young and obstinate lieutenant of security police intervened in order to reserve us for a more decent official fate. When I flatly refused to return to Hungary and the attention of gentlemen with arm-bands, he jumped into the car and ordered us down to Vatra Dornei for interrogation. At first I chatted with him pleasantly and confidently. I felt that I was out of danger until, that is, I found he was taking me very seriously indeed. He didn't fuss about my Polish driver. The Rumanians were magnificently generous to exiled Poles.

Little Vatra Dornei was half garrison town, half holiday resort. In spite of all the excitement across the border, it preserved the peace of Sunday afternoon. You could hear laughter in the cafes and the song of the water rushing down to the Moldavian plain. The DPM was not at his office. His sergeant clerk thought he was at home.

visit had been something of a rehearsal. Everywhere she went, to islands often excluded from royal tours because of time and distance, her demeanour surprised people. They had expected, by reason of the chatter and gossip from home, a young, gay, high-spirited girl. They found a woman of poised, almost solemn, manner, comfortably able to handle the formalities of official occasions.

Above all, those in contact with the Princess noted her remarkable powers of conversation and her ability to talk intelligently on any subject.

Only in theory

With the Caribbean tour over, and a pronounced success, we may expect Princess Margaret to voyage abroad again as the Queen's representative. Meanwhile, she is now the subject of controversy, which, disconcerting as it is to a proper appraisal of her work, cannot be ignored.

From the welter of ill-informed gossip, baseless speculation and vulgar little-tattle one hard fact emerges. Princess Margaret can marry, if she wishes. No one can stop her marrying the man she may choose, providing that she is prepared to renounce her right of succession to the throne.

This is an obstacle only in theory, since it is exceedingly unlikely that she would ever be called upon to become Queen.



Drawing by SHOWELL

Another story in this series of fact or fiction tales again puts the question—could this be true? The answer will be published on Monday.

from being in uniform. I have never heard anything resembling the strip which was torn off Lieutenant Vitsa.

When he came out I patted him on the shoulder and suggested a drink. As soon as I had him at a cafe table and sufficiently restored to understanding human speech, I said:

"You realise that if you continue with this mistaken arrest I shall be bound to mention the delay in finding a responsible officer to interrogate me?"

"When all Rumania mourns," began Vitsa indignantly.

A mistake

"Scandalous!" I agreed. "But I'll do the best I can for you. The DPM's house is, as I observed, on the road out of town. Were you to allow me and my driver to call upon his wife on our way to Bukarest, just to tell her that it was all a mistake and the DPM was in his office after all..."

I like the Rumanians. Even that stern son of duty could appreciate a delicate bit of skulduggery. Vitsa began to laugh, and then, for the sake of the record, put on a pretence of anger.

"If you're not out of town in three minutes—" he said.

We were.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this card by you until Monday when the answer will be given—will another story in this series by

Val Gilegud

Did yesterday's story actually happen? Yes.

REVOLUTION IN THE DESERT

By ARTHUR MORLEY

THE most unlikely-looking group of "revolutionaries" you could imagine are ranging the countryside out here. Their dress is fairly uniform—khaki overalls and wide bushman's hat. They are mild and peaceful men, and they bear some of the most honoured names in the particular branch of science in which they are pioneers.

As for the revolution they are seeking to create, it is a bloodless one, for the benefit of mankind. Eventually in fact, it may prove to be as important as the more spectacular developments in nuclear fission.

Briefly, the situation the scientists are trying to change is that the world population (now 377,000,000) is increasing at the frightening speed of 60,000 people a day while the world's deserts are advancing. As one example, North Africa used to produce the grain that fed the Roman Empire; now it is arid. One-fourth of the world's land surface, in fact, is now desert, and the scientists here and in North America, Africa and Asia are to forestall mass hunger by bringing some of this vast land mass back into production.

They are seeking, no less, the revolutionary aim of making the desert fruitful and productive—acres in fact, but in thousands of square miles.

First stage of the great reclamation experiment in Australia has just been completed successfully on the Ninety Mile Desert in South Australia—a sandy, arid area that from time immemorial has grown only stunted and useless scrub. It measures 6,500 square miles.

Scientists of the Federal Government's Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation under Sir Ian Clunies Ross have been considering the puzzle of the Ninety Mile Desert since the war. It received a tolerable rainfall (18 to 20 inches yearly) but remained sterile. Why? Recent worldwide discoveries on the importance of trace

elements in the soil (minute quantities of copper, zinc, iron, manganese, boron and molybdenum) offered a clue. C.S.I.R.O. scientists tested the Ninety Mile Desert soil—and found the trace elements missing. A team of C.S.I.R.O. scientists under Mr. E. R. Mansford began reclamation work in 1930. A large Australian insurance company provided the funds for the tractors that drew great gangs of ploughs across the desert and for the machines that broadcast minute quantities (a thimbleful to the acre in some cases) of trace elements. They planted South African veldt grasses, subterranean clover and legumes—and waited.

Last year, the first 25 farms were established on the lush pastures—grazing sheep. By this year, scores of families are moving onto the now green "desert," grazing flocks of sheep and herds of dairy cattle, and planting crops.

Tourists from all over Australia are visiting the Ninety Mile Desert and scientists are studying the results. Professor A.E.V. Richardson, a noted authority, feels now that Australia could maintain 100,000,000 people, if fully developed.

The implications of the Ninety Mile Desert experiment have been quickly grasped here and overseas. Australia alone has 342,808,000 acres of "useless" but relatively well-watered land awaiting the scientist's magic touch.

The Associate Chief of the C.S.I.R.O.'s Plant Industry Division, Dr. J. Griffiths Davies, says that all that is needed to turn this vast "desert" area into farms is to find what combination of soil elements it needs—and supply them.

Huge projects of this nature have already been put in hand. The New South Wales Government has begun reclaiming the soil of the eastern tablelands of that State—an area of 14,500,000 acres running from the Queensland border southwards to Victoria. Results of pilot farms are already spectacular—the value of wool production has jumped from 24-3-0 per acre to £14-6-0 per acre on improved pastures.

Continuing THE ROYAL SUCCESS STORY

HOW THE PRINCESS FOUND HER SECOND PERSONALITY

By Richard Dimbleby

NO member of the Royal Family has been more discussed in the past two years than Princess Margaret. Argument about her has taken several forms. A section of the older generation, composed of the narrow-minded who, had they lived a century ago, would have regarded the advent of the waltz as a public scandal, has delighted in criticising her fondness for what is sometimes called "high life."

The younger generation has found material for endless gossip in her clothes, hair styles, and shoes. A cross-section of the whole population, led on by one or two irresponsible newspapers, has lately devoted itself to speculation about her private life and the likelihood of her marriage.

Bound by etiquette

In writing about work of the Royal Family, I have devoted myself so far to the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Queen Mother. It seems high time that someone cast aside the idle chatter and examined the contribution that the young Princess has made to the work of her family.

But first it is necessary to trace the development of a

gay, high-spirited young woman, who extracted as much fun as she could from a life bounded by etiquette, into the composed and dignified Princess who is one of the country's ambassadors today.

The most significant event in the life of Princess Margaret was the death of her father. A close bond of love and understanding had always existed between them, and the news sent from Sandringham in February 1952 was shattering.

Ignored comment

THE Princess had lost a father who understood her completely, who knew exactly how she was spending her time, and who, with his strict code of duty and behaviour, would have been the first to intervene if he had thought that any of his daughter's actions were incompatible with the position and responsibilities of a royal Princess.

Of course they were not. Margaret enjoyed herself as other girls—born into "society"—enjoyed themselves. She played hard, and with the energy and zest of youth, worked hard as well. She ignored the comments of those who wanted to organise her life for her, and who believed that junior members of the Royal Family should be bound by the same

protocol as that accepted by the Sovereign.

With her father's death, the second phase of her life began. The clubs saw her no more, and the theatres infrequently. She had always been a regular churchgoer, but now she would appear alone and unheralded, in a London church.

Her natural taste for smart clothes remained and doubtless will always do so, with her ability as an attractive young woman to wear them, but she was taking up an increasing number of public duties.

When she went to Southern Rhodesia with her mother she was able to take second place, to slip off on her own to explore the city of Salisbury or teach a group of young people to dance a reel.

Yet when she went to a new hospital to perform the opening ceremony and name it (most people expected the "Queen Elizabeth Hospital") she drew back, the yelling to reveal a tablet inscribed "Princess Margaret Hospital."

Poised

It was a secret that the Princess had kept with some enjoyment; to the observant it was also the sign that she was now ready to represent the Queen in her own right. Her first major work in this role has been the Caribbean tour, for which the Rhodesian

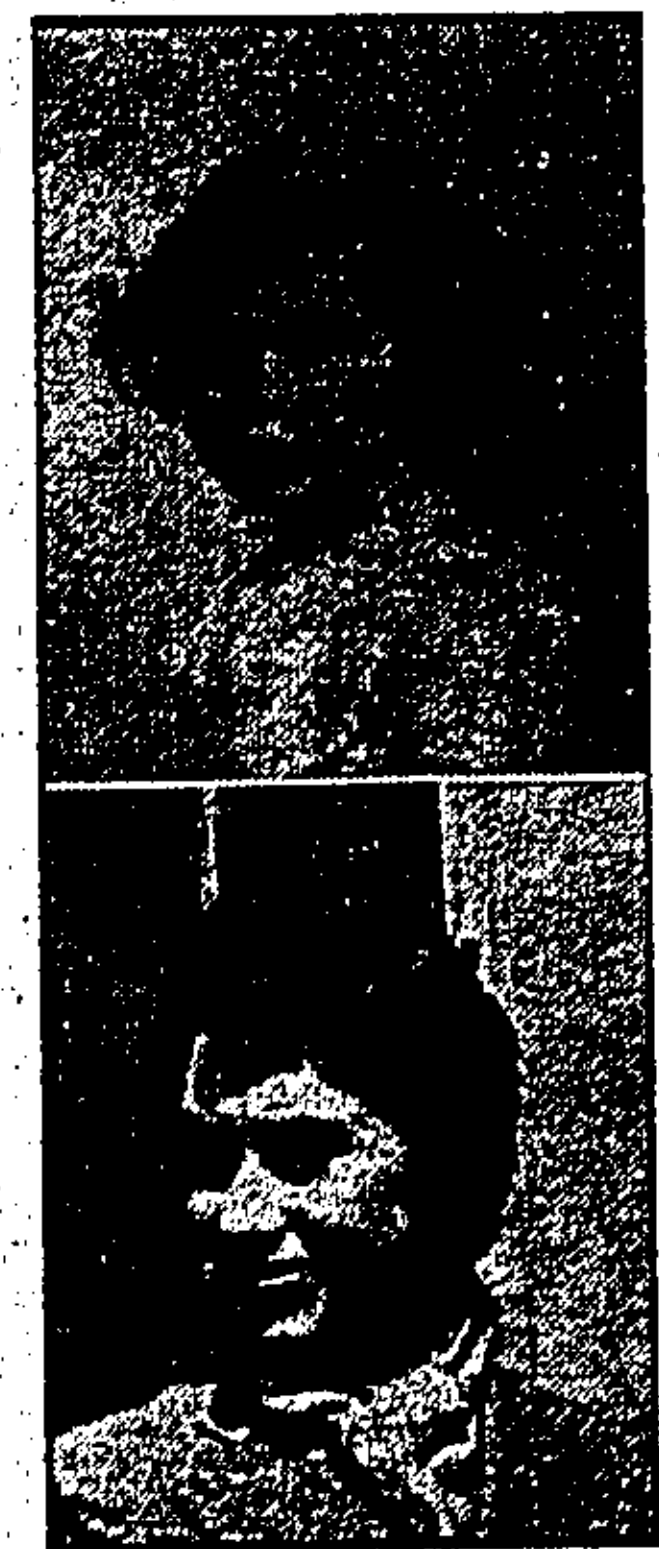
visit had been something of a rehearsal. Everywhere she went, to islands often excluded from royal tours because of time and distance, her demeanour surprised people. They had expected, by reason of the chatter and gossip from home, a young, gay, high-spirited girl. They found a woman of poised, almost solemn, manner, comfortably able to handle the formalities of official occasions.

Above all, those in contact with the Princess noted her remarkable powers of conversation and her ability to talk intelligently on any subject.

With the Caribbean tour over, and a pronounced success, we may expect Princess Margaret to voyage abroad again as the Queen's representative. Meanwhile, she is now the subject of controversy, which, disconcerting as it is to a proper appraisal of her work, cannot be ignored.

From the welter of ill-informed gossip, baseless speculation and vulgar little-tattle one hard fact emerges. Princess Margaret can marry, if she wishes. No one can stop her marrying the man she may choose, providing that she is prepared to renounce her right of succession to the throne.

This is an obstacle only in theory, since it is exceedingly unlikely that she would ever be called upon to become Queen.



Princess Margaret when a child—and today.

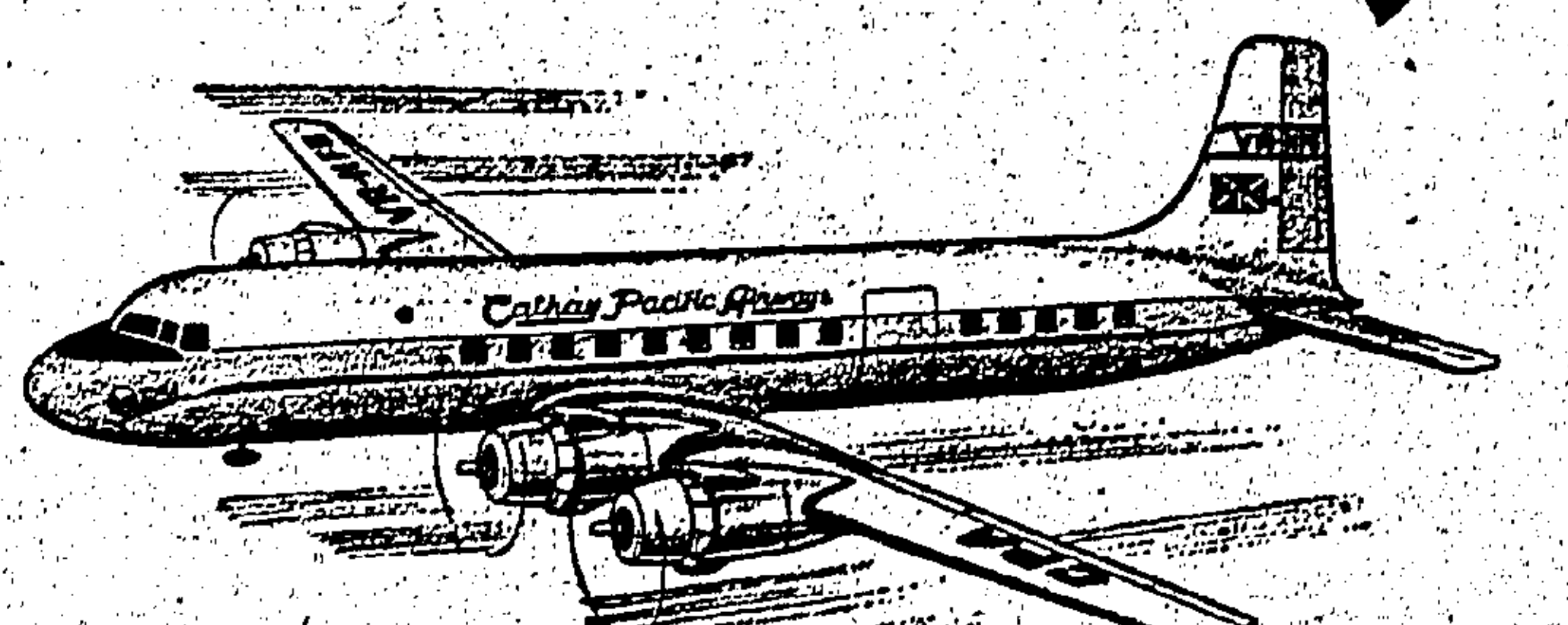
No one—certainly none of those who have indulged themselves in print at the expense of the Princess—knows the truth behind the gossip. Nor, whatever people may say, is it any business of ours.

Princess Margaret has set aside a life of freedom and gaiety to devote herself to royal duties as the loyal supporter of her sister and a representative of her country. She is entitled to happiness.

NEXT SATURDAY:

The Golden Rule of King George VI.

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... every so often one woman's face sets the pattern

THE PEKINESE LOOK

by
Amanda Marshall

There is always a prevailing fashion in when you wear your waist; the angle of your hat; the colour of your lipstick. Frivolous, quickly changed, but fundamental details of the contemporary feminine look, to which most women (all except the strong-minded, the saintly, the raging beauty or the genuine English aristocrat) approximate, no matter how slightly.

There is an even more fundamental fashion in evidence all around you. The Fashion in Faces. Every once in a way an extraordinary woman stamps the pattern of her face across the reflecting female faces of a hemisphere. Imitation, make-up, and the laws of natural selection get busy on making thousands of friendly domestic imitations, just the way that quick, efficient wholesale dress houses instantly adapt a great couturier's inspiration for the mass market.

Garbo was such a cosmic disturbance. Her face, epic and remote as the Himalayas, made the future possible for all those big-boned, craggy but friendlier, less awe-inspiring girls, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford and Ingrid Bergman.

Garbo's type swept the world—until a noticeably skinny, long-legged girl with the almost sexless, exotic features of a little idol was created by Hollywood genius out of a pretty,

plumpish London dancer—Audrey Hepburn.

The Hepburn looks are by now, of course, more family sayings than household words. Winged eyebrows, vast eyes, generous mouth and jaw, cropped head, the look of a puzzled water-nymph in cold weather—variations on the Hepburn Look sell us a cup of tea or a bus ticket and adorn the social hours of the Espresso bar and the Laundrette. Even the plaster faces of window-dressers' models in New York have been cast in her image.

What are the newest manifestations of that look, domesticated and tamed into familiarity?

I see it as the Pekinese Look, embodied in Brigitte Bardot, bright-eyed little French actress in the forthcoming film, *Doctor at Sea*—the girl the French call the Gorgeous Peke.

Her face is a signpost on the road of contemporary looks. Rounder, less remote than Hepburn, the new girls

are perky, snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, with appealing little pushed-in faces and a touch of the Little Orphan Annie with a kind heart and a bouncy courage in the teeth of a grown-up world.

Garbo and Hepburn have the timeless mystery and strangeness of Leonardo da Vinci's angels and madonnas; the new little pretties have the smudged, blurred, half-fledged tender charm of those girls in punts and ballet-classes that the impressionists loved to paint.

This is the way that new of the none - so - pretty brigade, which includes blonde Jill Bennett, who added a curious charm to whaling in *Hell Below Zero* and looked so like the Manet bar-girl in *Moulin Rouge*.

Leslie Caron, the eternal Cinderella, is her prototype. Her hair is straight and often soup-bowl cut. Her far - from - rosebud mouth spreads over a good many over-prominent teeth. She has the adolescent charm of a baby ballerina, thin-limbed and boy-fingered. She is the most delectable

FIRST came
Garbo . . .
remote,
mysterious



THEN came
Hepburn . . .
nymph-like,
exotic



★ FOUR OUT OF FIVE ARE IN THE '55 FASHION ★



Andréa Kelly Leslie Caron Jill Bennett Anna Massey Grace Kelly

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO LOVE



by Jill Craigie

In defiance of history, people believe that by the age of 40 the days of romance are over. Nothing could be further from the truth....

"YOU live your life and I will live mine," remarked Joan Crawford the other day when her stepdaughter suggested that she should travel on the Paris Metro. For the young girl, the Paris underground was a delightful discovery; but the older woman was engaged in a more ancient pastime. At the age of 48 Joan Crawford is on her honeymoon.

Marital escapades by film stars are so common that we no longer take them seriously. If an actress marries at a comparatively late age for the fourth time she seems only to conform to the freak behaviour of a freak profession. Besides, Joan Crawford has sufficient wealth and leisure to make the most of herself. Small wonder she gets her man at the age of 47.

Endless list

Ginger Rogers at 41 made an equally devastating conquest. "Gracie Fields, who married at 54, does not quite fit into this category. True she is a singer; but she has always had the courage to look and be her age. Still, Gracie is unique.

Must we then conclude that late marriages are the peculiar sport and prerogative of the acting profession? Not a bit of it; there is hope for everyone. All the evidence points to the conclusion that we are never too old for love. Romantically

stirrings in the human heart are extinguished only with life itself. Convention alone ridicules or raises its eyebrows at the amours of the elderly. The facts tell a different tale.

Consider what some of the older men have been up to outside the acting profession. Two most publicised marriages in the political world in recent times have been those of Sir Anthony Eden, aged 55, and Herbert Morrison, aged 67. And, in one sense these two must be classed almost as adolescent suitors.

At 60 Lloyd George married his secretary, who was then 55. Confining this record to those whose affairs have actually led them to the altar we can extend the list endlessly: Ralph Vaughan Williams married at 81, Sir Alexander Korda at 60 and Bertrand Russell at 60.

Not are late romances only a phenomenon of modern times. Way back a few hundred years Sir Winston Churchill's ancestor the Duchess of Marlborough received two proposals after she was 60.

A brimstone

And she, be it not forgotten, had truly earned her reputation as "A brimstone of a wife." Nearly half a century ago Bernard Shaw, to his astonishment, suddenly found himself in love with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, mother of a grown-up daughter. His love letters are part of our literary heritage.

"I dreamed and dreamed," he writes, "and walked on air for all that afternoon and the next day as if my next birthday was my 20th. I could think of nothing but a thousand scenes of which she was the heroine and I the hero and I am on the verge of 55. There has never been anything so delightful in the history of the world. On Friday we were together for an hour, we visited a lord; we drove in a taxi; we sat on a sofa in Kensington square; and my years fell from me like a garment."



The eternally young—Sir Alexander Korda, Gracie Fields and Ralph Vaughan Williams.

As much as any young lover Bernard Shaw believed his love to be unique.

Yet in defiance of all history many people believe that by the age of 40 or so the days of romance are over. How often the aging imagine themselves to be incapable of physical attraction. Sometimes even their adventures in love are regarded almost as unnatural.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. A recent American survey on longevity has finally proved that people who live to a ripe old age often maintain a prolonged interest in sex. Why, then, do some people resign themselves to the calibrate state while others seize all the advantages of a full life? It has nothing to do with a person's shape, appearance or even health.

Gracie Fields is no Venus, Sir Alexander Korda no Adonis, and neither Ralph Vaughan Williams nor Bertrand Russell in the Roger Bannister class. But they all possess a certain something. Maybe a look in the eye, a spring in the walk, an attitude of mind, perhaps sheer zest.

For zest I have never met anyone quite like Ralph Vaughan Williams. He once wrote some music for a film of mine; I had an appointment with him for lunch. We arranged to meet on the steps of an office in Bebe Square.

A cold day

To my dismay I was detained at the studio and arrived half an hour late. It was a bitterly cold day with snow on the ground. I arrived consumed with guilt keeping one of his years and frailty waiting about in such brutal weather.

Britain Goes Ahead with the Salk Vaccine

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

AFTER a most thorough inquiry the Medical Research Council is going to recommend that the American vaccine against poliomyelitis—the Salk vaccine—shall be tested on British children.

Mothers need not be alarmed. Super-stringent safety precautions are to be imposed to ensure that none of the vaccine can accidentally transmit the disease—as happened in America.

British manufacturers will have to send samples of every batch of the vaccine for Government examination at the National Institute for Medical Research. No batch will be released until it has been proved to be harmless by different tests lasting more than a month. Improved safety standards for making the vaccine are to be sent to all manufacturers.

EFFECTIVE

With these precautions, Medical Research Council chiefs are satisfied that the vaccine developed by Dr Jonas Salk will be safe as well as effective. They have their decisions on a report submitted to them by Dr Walter Perry, who was sent to America to make an on-the-spot investigation of the vaccine troubles.

Dr Perry talked with Dr Salk, with the vaccine manufacturers,

and with the U.S. public health authorities. He was strongly impressed by the new U.S. safety methods for testing the vaccine.

His report shows that almost all the U.S. children who developed polio after being injected with the vaccine were given doses from a faulty batch which still contained some live germs. The rest were almost certainly developing polio as the result of natural infection before they were given the vaccine.

VINDICATED

The accident was entirely due to a fault in commercial production of the vaccine. It was not due to any basic defect in Dr Salk's methods.

His work has been entirely vindicated by the inquiry, and the hopes that it will eventually mean the defeat of polio are as high as ever.

The failure of one batch of the vaccine must be measured against the success of thousands of others. More than 8,000,000 U.S. children who were inoculated with vaccine from other batches experienced no ill-effects.

And there is every reason to believe that most of them are so well protected by the vaccine that scores who would otherwise have contracted the disease this polio season will now escape it.

I can reassure British parents that there is no substance in the scare about "satellite polio"—the theory that children who have been inoculated with the properly made vaccine are a source of infection to others.

When properly prepared and tested, the vaccine does NOT give the children a mild form of the disease, as some vaccines have to before they can work.

PROTECTIVE

It is a "killed" vaccine, which works on the principle that the dead bodies of the minute polio germs from which the vaccine is made can stimulate the blood to form protective substances which are effective against an attack by live germs.

History will show that the accidental infection of the U.S. children was one of the "teething troubles" which are almost inevitable when medical research enters a new field.

Remember, some people experienced severe ill effects from impurities in the early batches of vaccine. But their suffering does not detract now from the life-saving power of Fleming's great discovery.

In the light of all the facts the Medical Research Council is clearly right in deciding to go ahead with its plans to make every safe use of Dr Salk's fine work.

RESEARCH

A first trial to find out how effective the vaccine will be against the British types of polio germ will not start before the late autumn, and will probably be held over until next spring. There is strong evidence that the small wound caused by an injection needle can sometimes cause what would be a mild attack of polio to flare up into a crippling infection.

So the injections will not be given in the summer, when the polio risk is greatest.

Because of this infection risk, research is being pushed ahead to produce a vaccine which can be taken by mouth.

Such a vaccine might have two further advantages. Doctors believe it would give stronger and more lasting protection. It could also probably be made without the use of the thousands of monkeys which are needed for the production of the Salk vaccine.

A COOL LOOK AT THE LOVED ONES

HAVE THE OLIVIERS LIVED ON TOO LITTLE FOR TOO LONG?

—By JOHN BARBER

FOR an hour London's St Martin's Lane was shut to traffic. A crowd of 2,500 blocked the entrance to the New Theatre.

"We want Larry," chanted hundreds of girls. And when Laurence Olivier left the theatre he was forced on to the roof of the taxi to make a speech of farewell.

It happened ten years ago, at the end of an Old Vic season. It was the peak of Olivier's career as an actor.

His triumph then, with both critics and public, in play from Shakespeare to Sophocles and Shaw, thrust Olivier on a pedestal. For ten years now he has been up there.

He has hauled his wife Vivien Leigh up beside him. As "the Oliviers" they are feted and idolized.

But for ten years now Laurence Olivier has done nothing that has added an inch to his stature. Once he had a reputation; now he has only fame.

By 1945, all his great achievements were already behind him. The Dorking clergyman's son had come far. In the theatre he was known as a virile actor of matchless gusto and vitality, a brilliant comedian, a haunting tragedian.

The War Over

The film people would pay anything to get him. Scoring Hollywood, he had directed and starred in his own spectacular film of "Henry V."

He was 38. The war was over. He could have gone to the City and raised all the money he wanted. He could have acquired his own theatre, and as actor-manager, dazzled the world with bold, new enterprises.

He could have commissioned new plays and given the Olivier stamp to classics as no one had done since Henry Irving.

But some weakness in Olivier's make-up shackled his hands. He went tramping off to Hollywood, to act a warden in a

feeble film called "Carrie." In England he turned singer in a disastrous film of "The Beggar's Opera."

He did lease a London theatre—the St James's—but backed out after a flop. On stage, he dribbled his talent into such a trivial comedy as "The Sleeping Prince."

Always now, at his side, was Vivien Leigh. He was no longer an individual. He was half of "the Oliviers." They married in August 1944. The partnership began ominously. She—the dazzlingly lovely but ordinary little actress who had blazed to stardom in "Gone with the Wind"—co-starred with him for the first time in "Romeo and Juliet." "Plodding" and uninspired," said the critics.

Just One Thing

But Olivier loved the girl he had married. More, perhaps, than his own career. Now he wanted only one thing: to make hers.

He rehearsed with her far into the night. He took infinite pains. As director of her plays he wrung enchanting performances from her.

His masterpiece was her Cleopatra, four years ago. But as her Anthony, he seemed tired, exhausted by his efforts. It was as if she had drained him.

I hate that phrase, "The Oliviers." It kowtows to the most fashionable couple in show business. The titled lions of Mayfair salons. The pair royalty know as Larry-and-Viv.

Now look beyond the gloss. Olivier was a great actor. But since his gleaming, viperish Richard III, his fiery Hamlet, he has lost his way. Now, at 48, he is an aging mummy, desperately fighting to win back his old reputation. To young people, he is a name that attaches to no outstanding achievement.

She is a great beauty—still at 42. As an actress, excellent in a dainty, waspish way that seldom touches the heart.

It is time we saw them both as they really are. Not as the

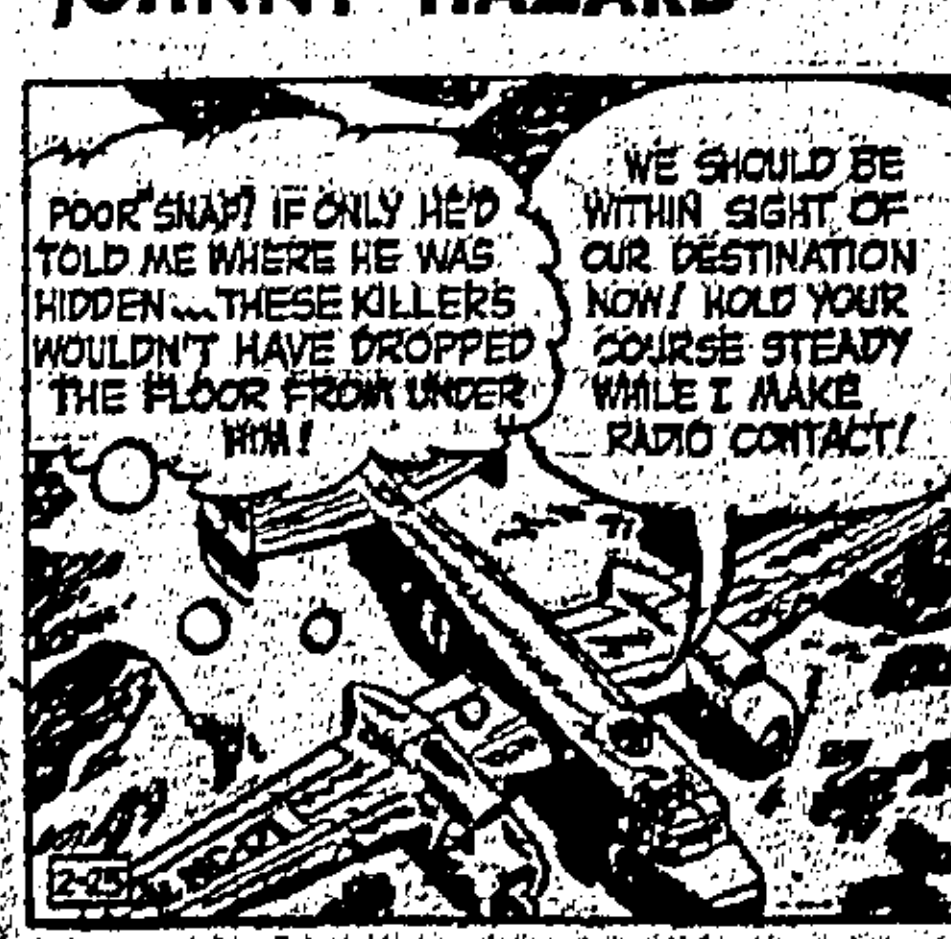
JOHNNY HAZARD

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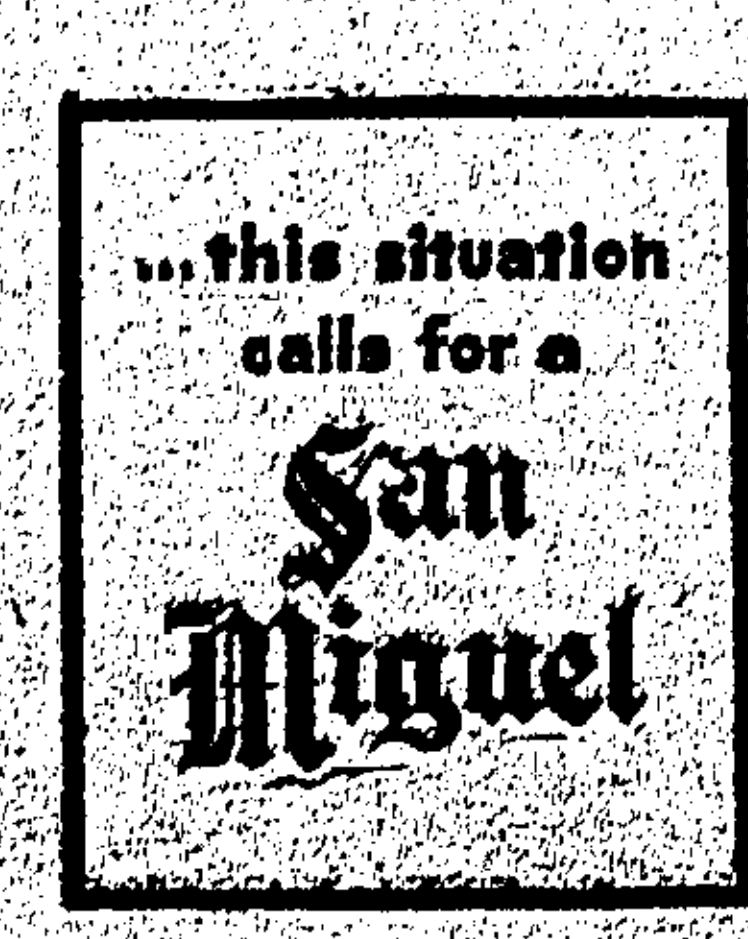
JOHNNY HAZARD



JOHNNY HAZARD

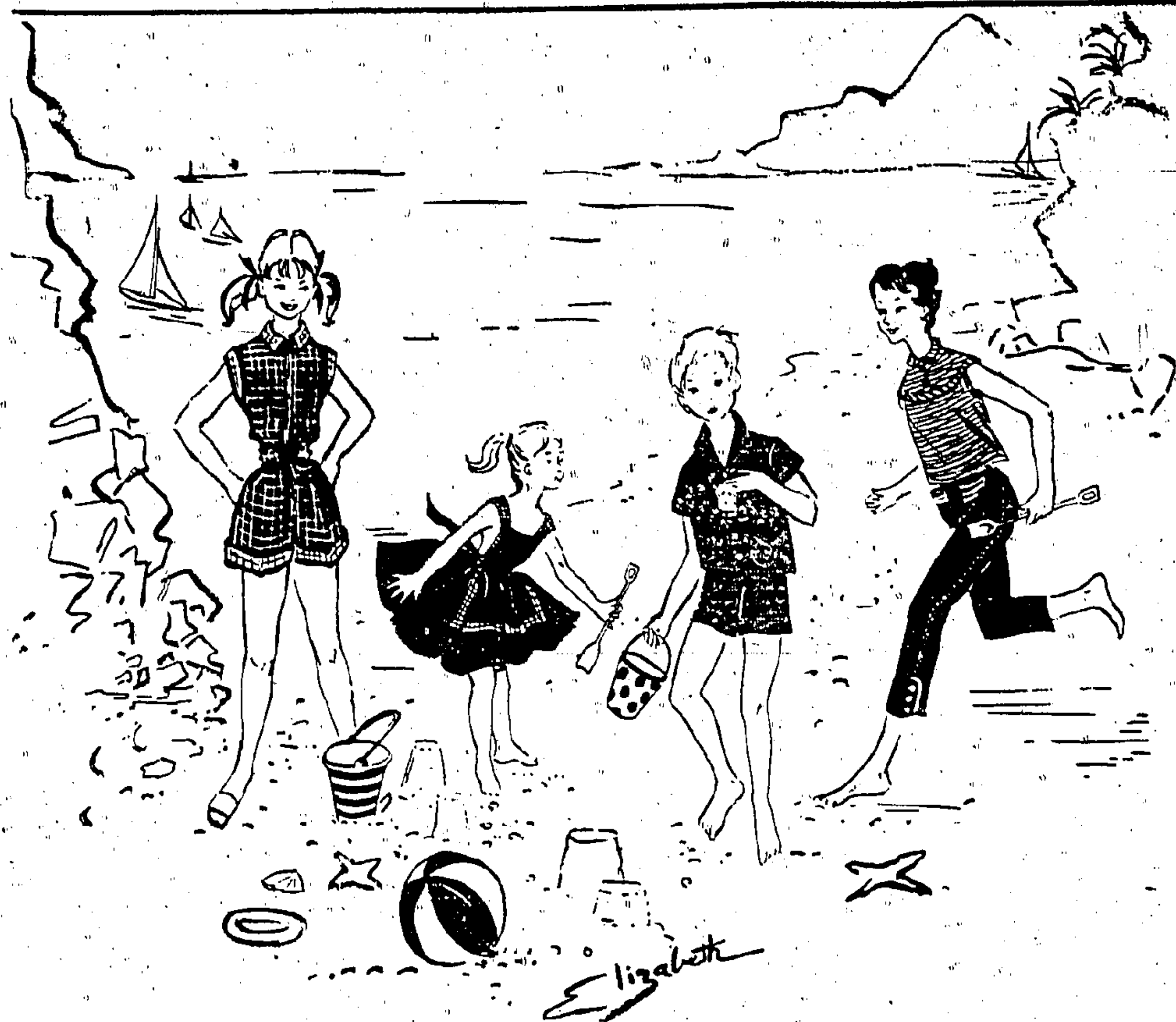


JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Pretty—And Practical—Fashions For Children

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. JUST back from a tour of the children's shops with Elizabeth, and happy to report that children's clothes are receiving better styling than for years past.

Not that too much "fashion" has been put into children's clothes. The five-year-old still does not need to worry about the A-line — so mothers can relax.

What it does mean is that practical clothes for the beach are really practical, and that party clothes are pretty without being precocious.

★ ★ ★

Both take their cue from materials and styles that have been tested and tried by teenagers. Jeans and playsuits have been scaled down to junior sizes and are in tough hardwearing materials like denim and twill. Party dresses are in poplin and cotton seersucker printed with imaginative, but suitably small-scale, designs.

New beach clothes: Latest idea is the all-in-one cotton playsuit. It combines coolness with practicality, and I have chosen this for Elizabeth's first sketch (going from left to right). It is made in an easily washed cotton seersucker, in white and two shades of blue. Zipped at the front, it has contrasting collar and cuffs. An ideal outfit for the tomboy.

★ ★ ★

Next comes a pinafore-cum-sundress. Made in red denim it has a bib front and contrasting facings in blue and white check. It's a dress for all weathers; under it can go a light blouse for protection if the sun is too hot, or a jumper if it is too cold.

Now for the first of the two-piece outfits. It's a matching set of shorts and shirt in red denim. The shirt, which is cut like a man's casual shirt, can be worn inside or outside the shorts. The shorts, which like the shirt are edged with white trampoline stitching, have an elasticized waist.

Then, the other two-piece outfit, the striped blouse and jeans. The blouse, which is sleeveless,

has a Peter Pan collar and round yoke. It is in woven cotton, striped green and white, and these two colours are repeated in the twill jeans, which are green piped with white. A useful outfit—and tough enough to stand up to the roughest treatment.

Away from the beach, clothes are pretty, but manage to avoid that precociousness which looks so ridiculous on small children. One dress was in red poplin spotted with white, its sleeves puffed and its hem finishing in a deep flounce. Another was a two-piece dress—blouse and

red sash. A third was in cotton skirt—to make a junior version of separates. The material was a golliwog-print cotton, delightful for a child of any age, and the two were held together by a seersucker, printed with pastel coloured flowers, first choice of material for summer parties. This dress had puffed sleeves, round neck, a skirt gathered onto the waistline—and a generous hem for letting down next year.

When it comes to teenage styles, many are designed to streamline even the

plumpest schoolgirl. There are coats cut on princess lines, dresses are gently flared and skirts avoid bulky pleats on the hipline.

Some of them feature more sophisticated colours. Amongst them are green frosted with silver, two tones of nutmeg striped with white, and peacock blue.

One of the most useful, and from the budget point of view, the most practical, is a day-in-day-out dress. It is in peacock blue, has high mandarin collar, flared skirt and cap sleeves. For every day wear, it has a simple matching belt; for party wear it has a sash in bronze-coloured satin.

The New Trend Towards Dressing, Rather Than Undressing, On The Beach

Paris Couturiers Favour A More Covered Look

Paris. HAUTE couture finds its place in the sun this summer in a generalised acceptance of the trend towards dressing, rather than undressing, on the beach.

Subtle changes bringing a more covered and modest look in bathing suits and beachwear go hand in hand with the sudden awareness of the aging effects of deep mahogany-coloured sun tanning. The daring Bikini is outmoded for all except the very young, or is veiled under sheer lace coats or smocks. As shorts come down to knee length, or are replaced by abbreviated flared or kilted skirts, bathing suits take on high-necked and covered tops, and even occasional sleeves.

Jacques Patu's mailot (swimsuit) in black nylon latex, reaches down to thigh-length, with a high round neck and short sleeves. It is belted low on the hips in the current mood of the long torso line.

THE "BRIGANTINE"

The tunic, fashion's darling in the February couture collections, is another leading idea for beachwear.

Jacques Heim calls his version the "Brigantine" and adapts it in every length in varied fabrics, from banker's striped cotton to sheer fishnet and organza.

He shows it over bathing suits and shorts or pedal pushers, in lengths graded from hip to knee. Sometimes the Brigantine is fashioned like a Chinese robe, with high collar, necktie and side split seams.

An amusing beach ensemble, indicative of the new coordinated trend, is featured in Heim's own printed fabric—black linen embellished with modernistic splashes of yellow, white and green.

The costume is composed of six pieces. Including the two-piece sun suit, the Brigantine tunic, shirt and flared skirt, and matching triangular head scarf. Two important ideas come to the fore in bathing suits, and one-piece model, and the return after more than 20 years, of the woollen or elasticised knit mailot.

MOULDED FIGURE

Whether the new suits are constructed on dressmaker or mailot lines, boning and corsetry techniques play a leading part in shaping this summer's figure. Brassieres are boned, and feature interchangeable straps. Besides the tunic, are the abbreviated little dresses with pleated or flared skirts. The same "long-legged" look is still the order of the day, but many women are finally relinquishing shorts to their rightful owners—the boys.

Andre Ledoux, Parisian expert in active sportswear, heralds summer with a seasonal variation of his silhouette. The well-known stylized, profile sketch replaces her skirts and poles, with a pair of cars and rope. Her streamlined winter sports costume is exchanged for the all-in-one overall typified in the new collection.

CLEVER COMPROMISE

A clever compromise between skirt and pants is achieved, at Ledoux, with a divided skirt wrapped halfway round over one short and one long trouser leg.

Another ensemble in an escapist mood is a pair of Pandango pants, split open on the outside of the calf, and filled in to the ankles with a froth of starched white cotton ruffles.

Reviewing trends which gained popular acceptance on French beaches last summer, there are certain forecasts this season.

Skirts are only one indication of a more feminine approach. There is a feeling of romanticism in longer hair, worn braided or loose on the beach. Shoulder-length bobs are secured by diminutive pocket-sized handkerchiefs tied peasant-style under the chin.

There are pretty and protective little parasols, again in keeping with fairer skins, and fewer cases of acute sunburn. Several bouquets show them in printed or striped cottons matched to the dress, and featured in new square or rectangular shapes.

"Couture" accessories and whimsical touches enliven resort wardrobes based on separate themes.

ACCESSORIES

Flower-embroidered ribbon is used for breezy scarves or trousers. Brilliant-toned scarves and cummerbunds marry odd skirts and tops. Printed cotton handkerchiefs are wrapped Apaches-style round the throat and worn with bare pedicures instead of jewellery.

Footwear becomes a coordinated part of the costume. No longer does one pair of white shoes suffice for every occasion. There are inexpensive and gay little ballerina flats in printed cottons and linen, fringed and jewelled caparisons (crape-soled sandals); and the popular court shoes edged in rainbow and pastel-coloured kids. — China Mail Special.

Summer Shoes Are Gay, But There's Restraint In The Use Of Trimmings

London. SHOES this summer are gay, but restrained.

Colours range from an off-white Angelica shade to vibrant tan; from a new yellow called Absinthe, a pastel Columbine pink and Capri blue to a "shock" range which includes Poster red and a bright, Grotto blue.

Stripes and two-colour combinations are also "the rage". A new striped effect on black patent looks very good. Up to the minute, too, with some of the latest A-line garden party and Ascot outfits, are shoes in the new lustre calf with candy stripes in colours matching the dress.

STRIPED HEELS

Mr Edward Rayne, Queen Elizabeth's shoemaker, who also makes shoes for Princess Margaret and the Royal Ladies, is showing them with striped heels and a matching bow on the front of low-cut court shoes. A variation of this theme is a combination of contrasting shades for the collar and heel. Thus, a black patent shoe has pink, yellow or red collar and heels. An angelical calf has a juniper calf collar and heel.

On some models, Mr Rayne goes the whole hog and gives us frankly two-toned shoes. Half of one open toe, sling-back model is in blue, the other half in columbine pink. Or there is a similar combination of lavender and yellow, eucalypt and ivory, and so on.

DRAMATIC EFFECT

New materials also make headline shoe news this summer. Practical, hard-wearing calf has been given a mother-of-pearl finish and has invaded the cocktail scene.

Jewelled effects on calf skin carry it right through the evening, while a new tanning process reproduces a fabric appearance on leather.

Most dramatic in effect, perhaps, is the introduction of vinylite, a new plastic material which "grips" the foot and makes for increased comfort to the "naked look".

If this summer, you see one evening coming towards you what looks like a lone bow or diamond clasp fixed to the top of the foot, do not be alarmed. Closer inspection will reveal a vamp in vinylite, transparent, almost invisible, but holding the shoe firmly and comfortably in place.

Other models in Mr Rayne's summer range appear to be made of nothing but a few narrow strips of pastel-coloured leather or a ring of coloured rhinestones. Very smart for evening is a sandal of very fine gold knit strips over vinylite, finished with toeline, vamp clasp composed of three glittering stones.

NOVELTY NUMBERS

Another invention which adds comfort to the "naked look" this summer is the spring-olator—a specially designed elastic insole, invented by an Oxford lawyer, which holds over a high-heeled, backless mule firmly to the foot.

An original model by Dolcis which is fitted with this invention has only a flame-shape "wing" on one side of the foot. Without sides or back and fitted with a stiletto heel, it is stated—improbable as it may seem to look at it—that the spring-olator holds it firmly clamped to the foot.

Two novelty numbers made by this firm with shoe shops all over the country, are a flat, beach or country sandal with

back strap and no vamp at all. The sole is held to the front of the foot by means of a walnut on the end of a string which is passed between the big toe and the one next to it.

A pair of "flaties" for sports or country wear in flexible calf is furnished with looped tongues on the front. The loops carry two shades of lipstick.

AND THE A-LINE

Novel holiday and seaside shoes include courts made in the same material as the dress and carrying fringes or tiny bows at the heels, and sandals made of multi-coloured raffia, inspired from Italy.

Slimmer lasts, tapered shoes and never thinner heels reflect horizontally the vertical tapering of the A-line. But while heels get ever more spindly, "illusion heels" practical for many women and not least for the business girl who wants to look smart, yet cannot wear extremely high heels, are becoming more and more elegant as well more and more popular.

WALKING ON AIR

Trimmings, too, reflect the greater restraint of the season in the use of decoration. Bows are small and flat, nailheads are pin-points only, buckles if used at all are neat and tiny. Soon, too, walking on air may become a reality instead of a mere saying.

Hikers, golfers and people who have to spend long hours standing, will soon be able to buy "air tread" shoes. These have "bellow-type" heels, which, at each step, send a gush of cool air through perforated insoles.

These shoes, which are still only in the experimental stage, are expected to reach the shops in the late autumn—for men. Women will have to wait a little longer. — China Mail Special.

STOPS NAIL BITING

New invisible paint effectively checks insanitary nail-biting habit.

If your child persists in the disgusting and insanitary habit of nail-biting, you can now help him (or her) to stop it. Just paint on "Nitebite", the new harmless liquid which usually stops the habit in 3 or 4 days. Contains no alcohol, no poisons and no quinine. Invisible, stainless, 100% effective; washes off with soap and water. One bottle of "Nitebite" is sufficient for the most persistent case. From all dispensaries and stores.

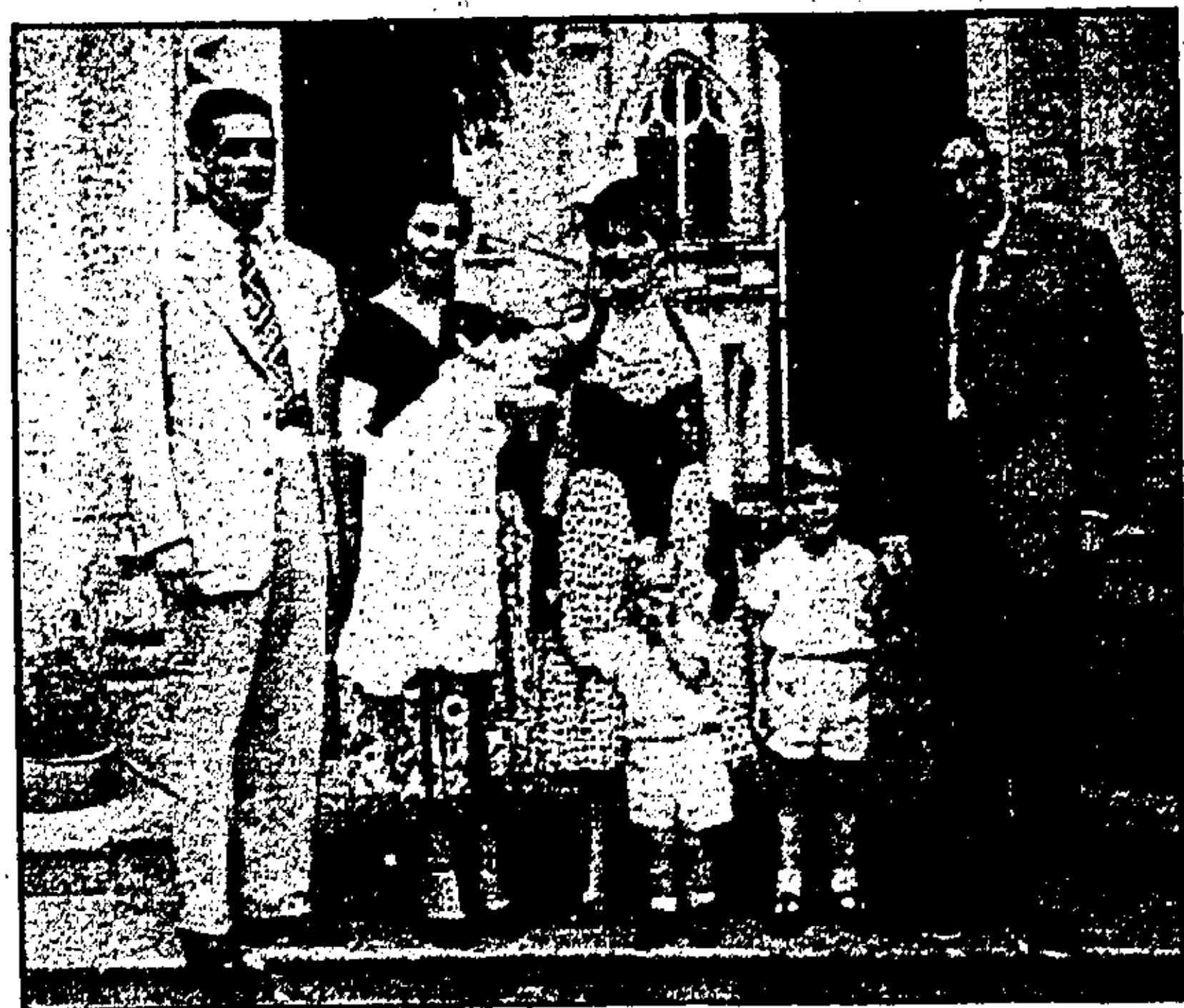


BURMA'S unofficial ambassador to the world. Winsome Win Min Than, whose first and only film performance in "The Purple Plain" won for her a large international following, charmed Hongkong by her presence here this week. These snapshots show her in different moods at her press conference here. She leaves today for Rangoon. (Staff Photographer)



THE 2/2 Gurkhas rifle team, joint winners of the Inter-Battalion shoot held at Kai Tak on Monday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Picture taken at St John's Cathedral after the christening of Russell Sloane, third son of Mr and Mrs Russell K. Spurr. Mr Spurr (extreme right) is Chief Far East Correspondent of the Daily Express, London. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs David Loh leaving the Catholic Cathedral after their wedding on Sunday last. The bride was formerly Miss Lilian Mok, daughter of Mr and Mrs Mok Hing-wing. (Staff Photographer)

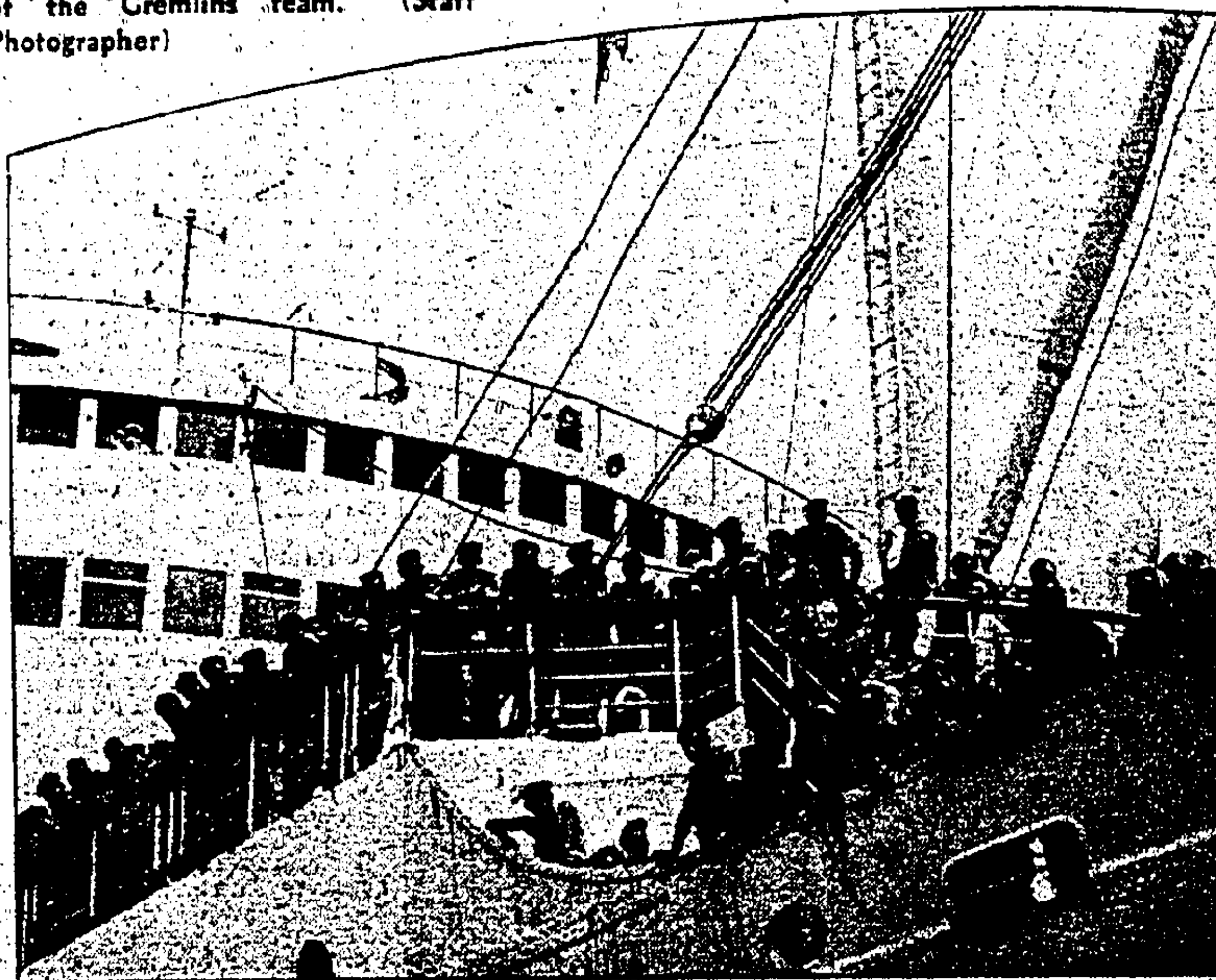
BELOW: Christening at the Union Church of Irene May, daughter of Mr and Mrs G. Stark. (Ming Yuen)



HONGKONG hockey star Joan Lambooy was married last Saturday at St John's Cathedral to Captain John H. Pike. Picture shows them with their attendants after the ceremony. The wedding reception followed at the Hongkong Cricket Club. The bride was a member of the Gremlins team. (Staff Photographer)



SENOR Juan Carlos N. Ripetta (left), Argentine Consul, welcomed last Saturday by Mr F. T. Melwani to the Melwani English Tutorial School where he gave a talk on conditions in his country. (Staff Photographer)



ARRIVING in the liner Laos last Saturday were over 100 men of the Belgian Battalion who fought in Korea. The men, happy to be homeward bound, lined the ship's side to admire the sights on arrival. Above: Their Commander, Lt-Col Raymond Pilot (second from left), welcomed by Col. J. A. Dawson, Chief of Staff, Land Forces. (Staff Photographer)



TOAST being proposed to the happiness of Mr and Mrs Roland Tien-ming Yang at their wedding reception held at the Miramar Hotel last Saturday. The bride was Miss Vivian I-kung Sun. (Staff Photographer)

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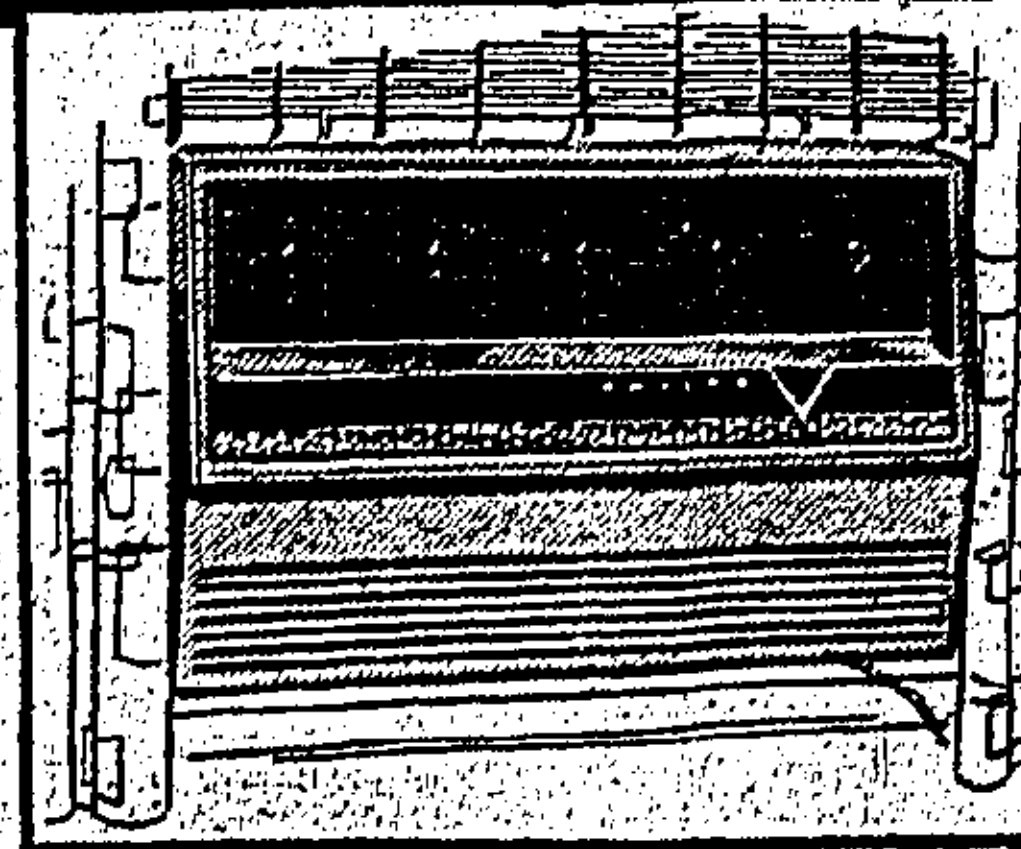
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DR. Robert K. C. Lee, President of the Board of Health of Hawaii, addressing medical students and nurses at the new Tean Yau Hospital on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



SEVERAL public meetings have been held in Hongkong this week in connection with the tenth anniversary celebrations of the United Nations. Above: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, addressing the U.N. Association meeting at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. Right: The Rev. Bro. L. M. B. Cassian at the U.N. Association lunch. Lower right: Dr H. D. Fang, Deputy Director of Research and Planning, ECAFE, speaking at the Club Lusitano. (Staff Photographer)



MRS C. E. Terry showing Lady Grantham one of the infants cared for at the Portland Street Centre of the Society for the Protection of Children during her visit last week. On the left is Mr J. T. Prior, Chairman of the Society. (Staff Photographer)



THE teaching staff of St Stephen's Girls' College. Seated in centre of the front rank is Miss K. D. Cherry, Principal. (Ming Yuen)



A scene from the play, "Apos And Angels," produced last Sunday by the Cathedral Fellowship. The play dealt with the possible conflict between religion and science. (Staff Photographer)



DOUBLE christening at St John's Cathedral of Guy Christopher and Jillian Faye, children of Professor and Mrs D. Barker. (Ming Yuen)



BELOW: The large turn-out of villagers of Aplichau to listen to last Monday's concert provided by the Band of the Hongkong Police, under the baton of Mr W. B. Foster. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Air Commodore R. C. Field (in mufti), who left for Home on Thursday after completing his tour of duty as Air Officer Commanding, saying goodbye to his successor, Air Commodore A. D. Messenger. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr J. B. Pomeroy (fourth from right), who has just retired after 34 years with the Insurance Department of Jardine, Matheson and Co., Ltd., acknowledging a toast at an office farewell party at which he received a gift from his colleagues. (Staff Photographer)

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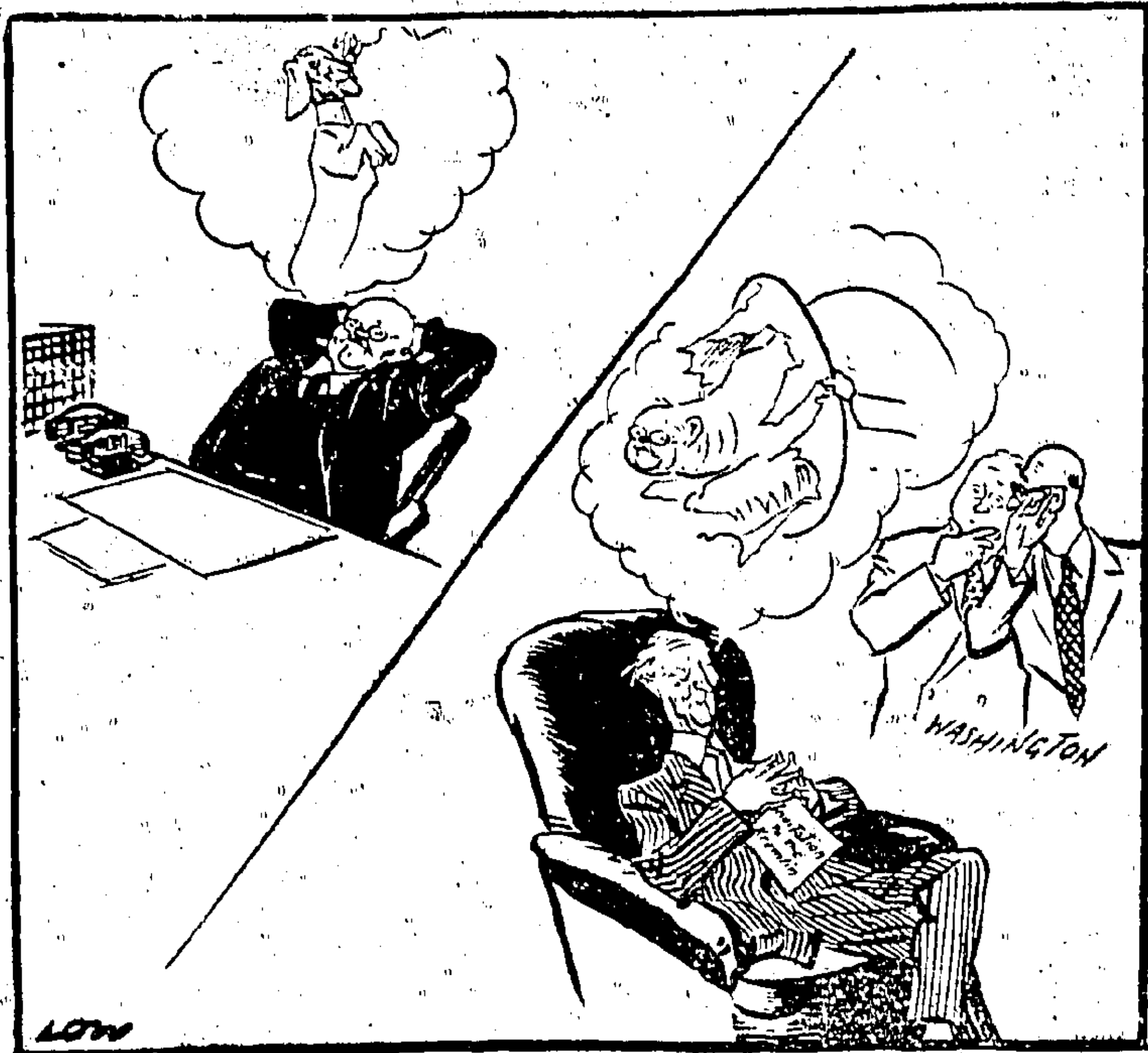
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THE PLAGUE OF THE TEDDY BOYS

THE worship of youth has never been a British characteristic. Over here they like ancient monuments, old inns, mediaeval churches and crumbling open fireplaces. Even in the theatre the pretty young starlets gaze with envy at actresses in their 70's, like Sybil Thorndike and Edith Evans, who are a sell-out as soon as it is known they will appear.

In well-to-do families the children are packed off to boarding school at the earliest possible moment. From time to time the parents visit them and, of course, there are the holidays when the families reunite.

We have no parallel here to the American phenomenon, where middle-aged parents sit on the verandah and watch with adoring eyes as the younger set live out their coca-cola romances and behave as if the present as well as the future belong to them. In short, it is the venerable oak which the English adore, not the sapling.

All of which may be a partial reason for the development of a very unpleasant feature of present-day life in Britain. I refer to the plague of the Teddy Boys.

CURIOUS CULT

No one seems to know how or when this curious cult began. One might think that it grew from the high spirits of undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge, but this is not so. Those great universities are guilty of many youthful diversions but not this one.

Five minutes by car from my house in London is the salubrious neighbourhood of Camden Town. It was there, in a wretched boarding house, that young Charles Dickens lived when he used to make his weekly visits to his father in the debtors' prison. Camden Town has plenty of pubs, and although it possesses little beauty as a neighbourhood it adjoins the stately grandeur of Regent's Park.

To reach my North London constituency I always drive through Camden Town, and to my surprise, a few months ago, I became aware of a new cult which seemed centred there. It

consisted of young men in pairs or trios looking rather self-conscious about their apparel.

Their trousers were pipe-narrow in the legs. Their jackets were like duffle coats without the hood. Their shirts were white and their black bow ties were like string. But, stranger still, their hair was coal black and pompadoured. In short, they had reverted to something like the Edwardians and looked as if they had stepped out from the pages of Punch at the turn of the century.

FEW AT FIRST

At first they were few in numbers, and no one regarded it as anything more than a caprice of youth. Perhaps even it was an expression of our old friend, the inferiority complex. Here were young fellows in their late teens trying to attract attention which their personalities would have never achieved by any other means.

Personally, I felt a slight sympathy with them. Their jobs and their homes were drab, and they possessed neither the qualities nor the personality to rise above the dull uniformity of life in crowded London. And, after all, the dress of the male in modern society is consistently unadventurous.

At any rate, the cult caught on and spread to other parts of England. And still the people smiled. In fact, it spread to the female of the species, and we began to hear of Teddy Girls as well.

NOT CONTENT

But, unfortunately, the new Edwardians were not content with walking in the streets in the evening, earning the amused glances of the crowds. They began to form gangs and would meet in a body at this or that dance hall. Fights broke out, especially when they ran into young ex-service men who took a low view of their pompadoured juniors.

From that to raiding genuine youth clubs was an inevitable step. The police courts began to see them, although the magistrates contented themselves with telling the youths to go home and stop making fools of themselves.

Then one night in Camden Town it happened, as it was bound to do. Four Teddy boys surrounded a young woman who was a waitress. With about as much delicacy as a chimpanzee would show in the mating season, they began to force their attentions upon her.

But out for his evening walk was an elderly Cypriot and his wife. He was a man of fine character and a heart that was more chivalrous than strong. He intervened and told the boys to stop molesting the girl. Whereupon one of the Teddy Boys hit him in the forehead. The old man fell like a log and did not rise. The Teddy Boy had a heavy ring on his hand—and the old man was dead.

In horror, one of the boys shouted: "What in hell made you do that?" Then they ran like frightened animals.

FOUL AFFAIR

Slowly, methodically, the police began their inquiries, and in process undoubtedly made a useful survey of the Teddy Boy population in that area. The next day the four boys, with their parents, wisely gave themselves up to the police. They have been remanded in custody, and I can carry the story no further.

I doubt that the murdered will be hanged, for the reason that he did not premeditate nor intend to kill. He was simply playing the role of the tough Teddy Boy. Nevertheless, he will not see the green of the grass nor walk the streets of London for many a long year. But the woman, whose husband he killed, will live out her time a lonely creature, with only memory and grief as her companions.

I wish it were possible to state that this foul affair was an isolated incident, but that would not be true. Before me is a copy of the news items dealing with a case of violence by Teddy Boys in the dignified Regency town of Bath.

Both . . . of all places! It is the most sedate and decorous place in all England. Wandering about its crescents and gazing at the splendour of its houses one would not be surprised if the portly Prince Regent himself, appeared in his coach.

SHEPILOV . . . THE MAN OF DANGER

By Anthony Westell

ON to the world of diplomatic stage at a critical moment steps a new personality: Dimitri Shepilov, 49-year-old editor-in-chief of Pravda, a key figure in the Communist hierarchy and a virulent hater of the West.

He is tipped to succeed Molotov as Russian Foreign Minister, just as arrangements are being made for Big Four talks.

The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, got the first inkling of the rise of Shepilov a few weeks ago. A foreign source passed a hint into the Foreign Office.

It was considered by the Intelligence experts, rated interesting but inconclusive. Then came the little pieces of news and private information which tend to confirm the tip.

When the top-level Russian delegation flew into Belgrade

for talks with Tito, third man out of the aeroplane was Shepilov. Right behind Communist Party boss Nikita Khrushchev and Premier Bulganin.

Diplomatic protocol is rigid in the Red Empire. Shepilov's position could mean only that he was a top man in the party, senior to a better-known Minister such as Mikoyan.

Piecing it

What was he doing in Belgrade anyway? Pravda sent its two most reliable correspondents to cover the talks. Shepilov clearly was there in a capacity other than that of editor.

Back in Whitehall, the Intelligence men were piecing it all together.

They remembered that Molotov had joked in Vienna recently about retiring, although he is only 64. And they looked up their personal file on Shepilov.

They did not like what they found. Dimitri Shepilov is a fanatical new-generation revolutionary. He began his rise under Stalin. So not much is known of his early days, as Moscow appointments, until quite recently, were often unannounced, kept secret.

But it is known that in the early 1950s he headed the notorious "Agit-Prop" department of the party. As such he laid down the party line to the comrades, published the famous Agitators' Handbook, directed propaganda.

Some time in 1952 he took over Pravda. The fact that he was in charge became public only when he addressed a gathering of Russian journalists in December that year.

Under his control, dull-assiduous Pravda was brightened up slightly. He used more political cartoons, published more front-page pictures, spruced up literary and art criticism.

But he also used his paper for more sinister ends. He used it to undermine the position of Premier Malenkov, the man who succeeded Stalin.

Shepilov wrote and published an article violently attacking the Malenkov policy of switching production emphasis from heavy industry to consumer goods.

A distinction

Shortly afterwards, Malenkov was toppled from power. And Shepilov took another step up, following his boss Khrushchev, who seized the key position of party chief.

At a meeting of the Supreme Soviet, Shepilov was put up to make a speech denouncing the Western Governments.

Western diplomats ticketed Shepilov as a Communist theoretician, a party-line purist, a very dangerous man. He has sprung up since the death of Stalin to be one of the 15 most important men in Russia.

And what of the old-stager Molotov? There is no sign that he is in disgrace, or heading for Siberia.

Had he been expecting his own downfall, he would hardly have joked about his own retirement while in Vienna.

More likely it is that he expects to move up in the Government, become an "Overlord" in charge of several departments.

When?

Once before, when Vishinsky was Foreign Minister, Molotov had a supervising job. Now he may be returning to it.

If Shepilov is to take over, when will it happen?

With Big Four talks due soon, possibly next month, the experienced Molotov may hold on for a little longer.

By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

There was there ever the slightest disparity between the sound and the moving of the lips.

And how did the Germans take his pictorial demonstration of life in America? They howled with laughter—jeering, derisive laughter. Perhaps it brought back memories of the Hitler youth movement, but I think not. What they were laughing at was this cruel, imbecile picture of American life.

It is true that, in Hollywood films of violence the dead man usually comes to a sticky end but it is a wonder that juvenile crime in the U.S.A. is growing at a terrible pace? Nor can we doubt that the films have played their part in producing the Teddy Boy movement in Britain.

As you know, I hate the death penalty and have twice in Parliament helped to lead the movement to abolish it. I assure you that it is not out of sympathy for the murderer, but for society which stoops to the level of inflicting violent death in the name of the law.

But since hanging is still the law I must confess that I shed no tears when a Teddy Boy in Clapham and another in a different part of London were executed for gang murders. The only pity is that the gallows may glorify them in the eyes of peering idiots that wear the livery of their crazy cult.

FALSE VALUES

Fortunately, there is a partial remedy. The Teddy Boy eventually comes under conscription, and you can just see a British sergeant-major licking his lips as he sees the arrival of the youth, with the black pompadour, who has probably been spending a pound a week on his hair.

It is not easy to write on this subject with a detached mind, but we who constitute ourselves the judges of our juniors should search for the causes which have produced this curious manifestation. Undoubtedly the combination of inferiority complex and unsatisfied vanity, plus drab surroundings and limited hopes of advancement, must have a lot to do with it. Nor can we deny the false values of many crime films and the adulation of stars that would never have been heard of except for the microphone, the make-up expert, and the publicity machine.

This Teddy Boy insanity will pass, but not until there has been some dreadful happening which will shock not only the adults, but the young people themselves, into a sense of shame. I am sorry to write such a London letter as this, but perhaps it may constitute a warning beyond these islands that, even though youth be impatient of discipline and contemptuous of the wisdom of the years, it can be corrupted by its own hungry vanity and its inexperience of life.

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MAUDIE LITTLEHAMPTON
ON HOLIDAY

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"A lot of good classical education seems to have done you!"

THE GAY OLD GIRL WHO GAVE VALENTINO A LESSON IN LOVE

ANNE EDWARDS
peeps into a new book

SHE was a woman who shocked the ears off Victorian England with a pulsating first novel that started the vogue for tiger-skin rug romance...

Elinor Glyn, whose life story is being told for the first time by her grandson, Sir Geoffrey Davson, was as like her heroines as life would let her be.

She wore thick coils of auburn hair, bought

emeralds to match her eyes, dressed in clinging black, drank champagne with a pinch of red pepper in it, and blued every fortune which she made afresh with each new novel.

Pink silk

She wrote her books in bed, in a bedroom garlanded with pink silk roses.

"All the members of the family used to make them for her," says her grandson, "and they hung in great ropes from the canopy above her bed and were heaped all over the coverlet."

She decorated rooms to suit her mood; an autumn hall, a spring drawing-room, a summer bedroom, and then, when her mood changed, threw it all out and decorated afresh.

"Do you know," she told a visitor, "that every yard of carpet, curtains, silk, satin, and chintz, was specially made for me?"

She received another visitor exactly as her heroines would have done, reclining on a Chesterfield against a pile of Oriental satin cushions carefully calculated to throw up the pallor of her skin and the brilliance of her auburn hair.

Red hands

She taught Rudolph Valentino how to make film love.

"Don't kiss," the back of her hand," she told him, tersely, in Hollywood, "turn it over and kiss the palm."

She invented the "it" girl, later identified with film star Clara Bow.

As an old lady, as her grandson remembers her, she sat in



ELINOR GLYN
Men bowed the knee to her and her heroines.

a room full of knick-knacks ("I was always tripping over the tiger-skin rug"); upright as Queen Mary; a little forbidding ("Why are you not wearing gloves? Are you proud of those red hands?"); but always exciting enough to be the centre of a crowd, wherever she went.

Blue fish

She did, in fact, fascinate men.

"She had some quality," he said, "which made them get down on their knees to her, just as they did to the heroine in her books."

In 30 years of writing she never varied the hero or the heroine of the story. The women are mysterious, cat-like creatures always dressed in something clinging, who ran the world from their boudoir by the simple recipe of making men mad with desire and then pushing them into politics.

The men are well-born, handsome, athletic, blond, Eton, Oxford, and Brigade of Guards, with small, blond moustaches, but emotionally "asleep," and unaware of the finer things of life, such as caviar, blue trout, Chateau Lafite and love on a tiger-skin rug.

One day the woman (who was primitive, you understand, but polished) met the Guards officer and pres. of he went up in flames.

Red lips

She had the recipe for this too. The hero in "Three Weeks," calling one evening on the heroine, was left in absolutely no doubt about what she had in mind.

"In front of the fire, stretched out at full length was the tiger-skin rug, and on it, also at full length, reclined the lady, garbed in some strange, clinging garment of heavy purple crepe... one white arm resting on the tiger's head, her back supported by a pile of velvet cushions, a heap of rarely bound books at her side, while between her red lips was a rose..."

Primitive you understand, but polished.

Rosy world

Turning a cool, mid-century eye on "his grandmother, Sir Geoffrey explains her romantic views as "sheer frustration." She herself married a man who was athletic, handsome, well-born, but, as she would say, spiritually "asleep."

After a few years of marriage, and two daughters, he returned his affections to shooting, and his land.

Dear Elinor Glyn! Hers was such a wonderful world for women—it only it had ever existed.

P.S. It is a good report that the grandson who writes her biography is as she would have wished—good-looking, a baronet, athlete, Eton, Oxford, and Brigade of Guards.

And I don't think he was spiritually asleep to the finer things of life either—for when we lunched I noticed that he ordered gulls' eggs and salmon trout, with Pouilly Fuisse 1947.



CLARA BOW
Her "it" was Elinor's.

RECRUITS Conservative M.P. William Shepherd, an old army man himself, has come to the rescue of the raw army recruit who is trained to stamp the parade around to make as much noise as possible.

The 43-year-old Tory, who served in the British Army for six years in the Second World War, is to ask the War Minister in the House of Commons what has been done to eliminate stamping from army drills. He also wants to know why many non-commissioned officers have been put on charges for insisting on stamping in defiance of orders during the last five years.

Shepherd, who claims that all this foot-stamping is injuring the feet of national service men, says that "wooden-headed instructors try to encourage the men to try and smash their feet through the concrete."

He says he's not worried about "Britain's crack Guards regiments who have to do a lot of ceremonial drill in public and have some excuse, but there is no excuse for these recruit training units where the men come in raw from civilian life."

He also pointed out that the Royal Marines don't stamp their feet, "and they are first-class at drill."

WHAT A When a baby daughter arrived Mr. and Mrs. Chew were delighted. They called her Iris and they thought that was pretty wonderful too.

But the vicar of the Yorkshire town of Holmthorpe (pop. 18,000) doesn't think so, and in the parish magazine he spoke out against people who gave children "names they will be ashamed of for the whole of their lives."

Iris Chew, said the Rev. A. T. (for Arthur Thomas) Dangerfield, sounded too much like "Irish Stew."

He wants a church ruling to stop unsuitable names.

Mr. Dangerfield says names like Marmaduke can cause a lot of embarrassment to a boy in later life. And there was no saying what the initials which made up a word-like D.O.G.—could do.

WHALE Future whalers may reproduce under water whale mating sounds to attract their catch. Zoologist Peter Purves of the British Museum said so at a Royal Society meeting.

Purves played a record of whale noises—grunts, squeals and whistles.

It exploded one more of the old theories about whales—the theory that whales were dead.

Once scientists thought whales were dumb too. Said Zoologist Purves: "Just think how useful it would be if we could reproduce the love call of the whale."

"Whaling ships would only have to reproduce that call to have whales flocking round."

JUDGES More than 100 British "criminals" were pardoned in Southampton last week and told they could get back the money they had paid in speeding fines if they wanted it.

Defending a motorcyclist who was accused of exceeding the 15-mile-an-hour speed limit on Southampton docks, a solicitor argued that, since the public does not have unlimited access to the roads, they do not come under the Road Traffic Act.

After the judge decided in favour of the motorcyclist, a court official said that persons previously convicted would be entitled to apply to the Home Secretary for a pardon.

"This would automatically mean that fines would have to be returned," he said.

PRISON Dozens of school children, each clutching a jam jar or a glass bowl, formed a line in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, last week to get into prison.

Their detention was short-lived, however. They had come to collect nearly 600 goldfish which a convict in the prison had been breeding.

The Japanese fantails, which were threatening to overflow their pond, were sold for one shilling each to provide funds for the Prisoners' Aid Society.

WINKLE The winkles on Britain's beaches just like class-conscious humans, according to the report of a scientific winkle survey just issued.

They live in clear-cut districts, with the upper crust near the high tide mark, a lower class by the ebb tide mark and a booming middle class suburb in between.

And a winkle knows its place in this scheme of things and keeps to it. It may make long excursions when the tide uncovers it but it rarely strays out of its own district and usually returns if it does.

Professor James E. Smith and Dr. G. E. Newell, of London University, carried out a winkle watch at Walsable Bay every three weeks for more than a year to make these findings.

Among other things they learned: winkles can move at the speed of 20 miles an hour flat out, but they usually return to

where they started since they take a curved course. To track the movements of these creatures the two scientists painted 600 of them a bright yellow.

Title of the 25-page report? "The Dynamics of the Zonation of the Common Periwinkle on a Stony Beach."

THING OF The traditional English breakfast is fast disappearing. Domestic gas engineers meeting in conference in South-south were told that the cooked breakfast is becoming a thing of the past because women, "in their anxieties and endeavours to look slim, seldom eat more than fruit juice and toast."

Factory and school meals have also been responsible for the fall in the use of domestic gas, an executive said.

HAVES AND One thousand London children will be guinea pigs for a tonsil experiment which will take a year to complete. Purpose of the experiment is to determine whether or not the removal of tonsils is beneficial to children's health. Half the group will have their tonsils removed and the balance will not.

In a year's time doctors will examine both groups to determine which is the healthier.

THE LAST If trade unionists view advance: the "automation" of factories, their doubts will turn to downright alarm when they hear what has happened to Britain's cows.

Up to now these happy ruminants have held a virtual monopoly in the ability to transform grass into milk.

Now a firm in Essex has devised an extraction plant which, in effect, does the same job as a bunch of grass that a cow does by chewing the cud.

Jerseys, Friesians, of the world unite!

THIS CAR KILLED DAZZLE

From SYDNEY SMITH

Paris. A long unit country roads near Paris a black car raced at 60 miles an hour — and WITHOUT HEADLIGHTS. It was a dark overcast night and some of the roads were still shiny with rain.

Instead of headlights there were three screened lamps on the front of the car, one green, one blue, one red.

But for the driver the road was lit for 250 yards ahead by a clear, bright, colourless beam. I was that driver.

I was testing a French inventor's answer to the biggest killer on the roads—headlight dazzle.

To Britain.

M. Maurice Pelladeau at 60 is a man who has made the profession of inventor pay. So he hopes to take his anti-dazzle invention to Britain.

Said he: "Everyone knows that the seven colours of the spectrum combine to make white light. I have adapted the idea to give the driver the illumination he needs while oncoming drivers see nothing but broken light—in colours."

"In my three lamps the seven spectrum colours are combined. The three coloured beams are synchronised so that they give a normal white light. Well, let's go out on the road and see."

We took the car into the narrow, dark roads of the pitch black forests of Marly and Versailles.

We stopped in a forest track. A fine white light stabbed among the trees.

For fog

With the green and red lights used alone, the result was a bright amber. That's your automatic fog light—no fog and mist without dazzle for 250 yards," said M. Pelladeau.

The inventor drove at me. The three coloured lights were not in the least dazzling, and on the wet road, instead of reflecting a blinding white light, they reflected only the colours.

On the drive home along unit roads, we passed 37 oncoming cars. Every one of them dipped his headlights to our coloured lamps.

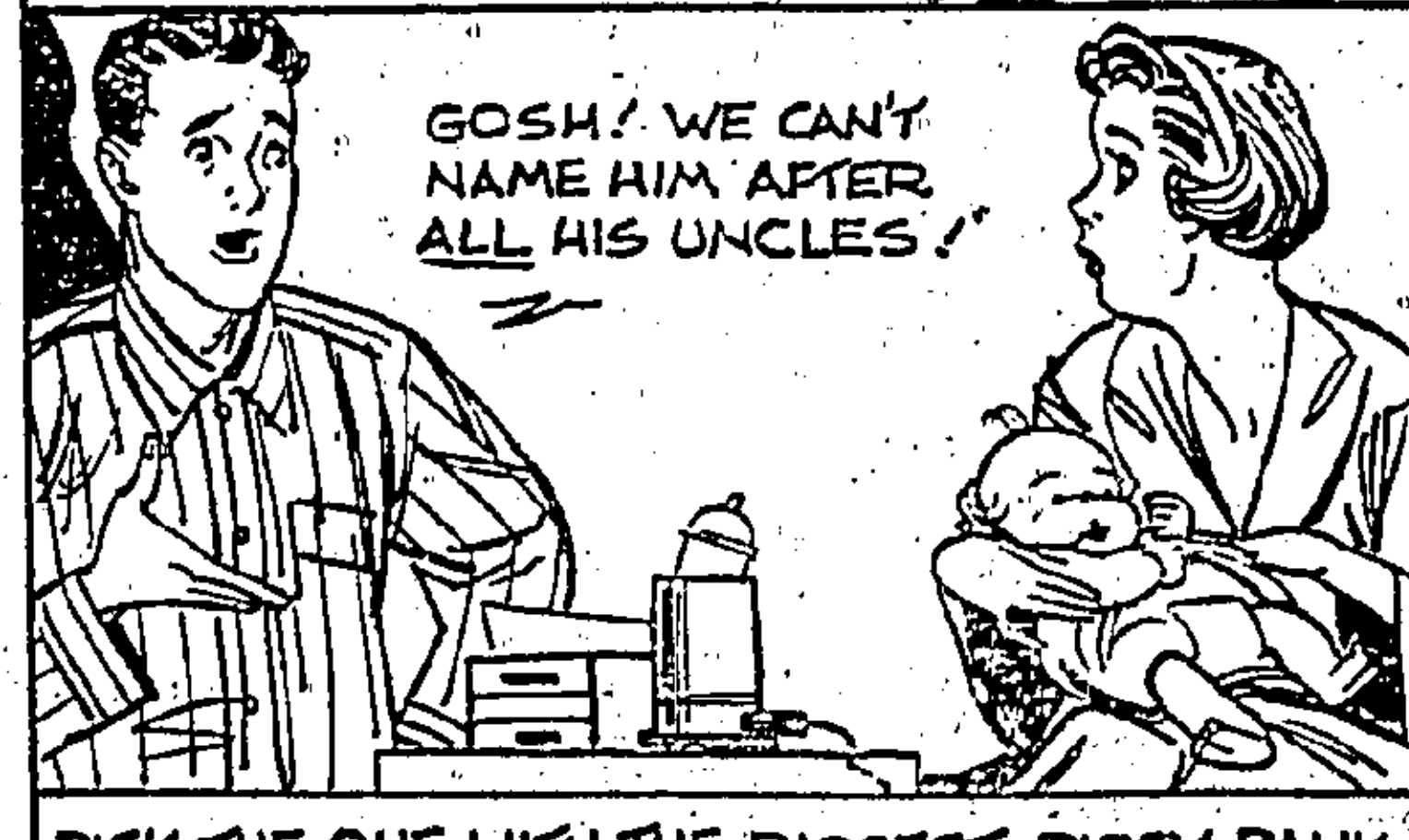
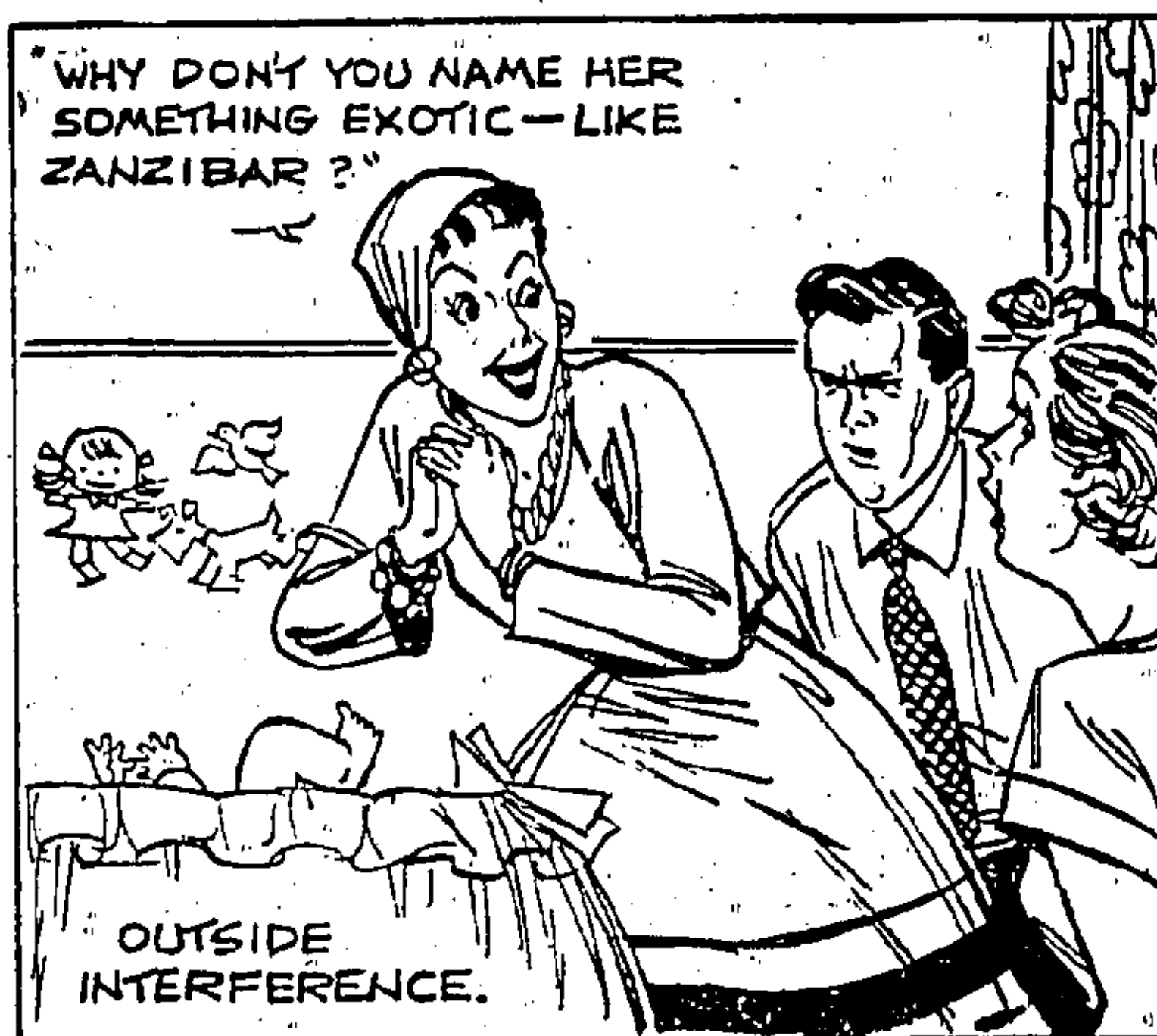
And that means something in a country where drivers believe in the "let's-rip-anti-you-do" method.

The drivers could not see the white beam that lit them and our road home. They did not know it, but they were really answering the test question: "Has M. Pelladeau beaten dazzle?"

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Naming The Baby

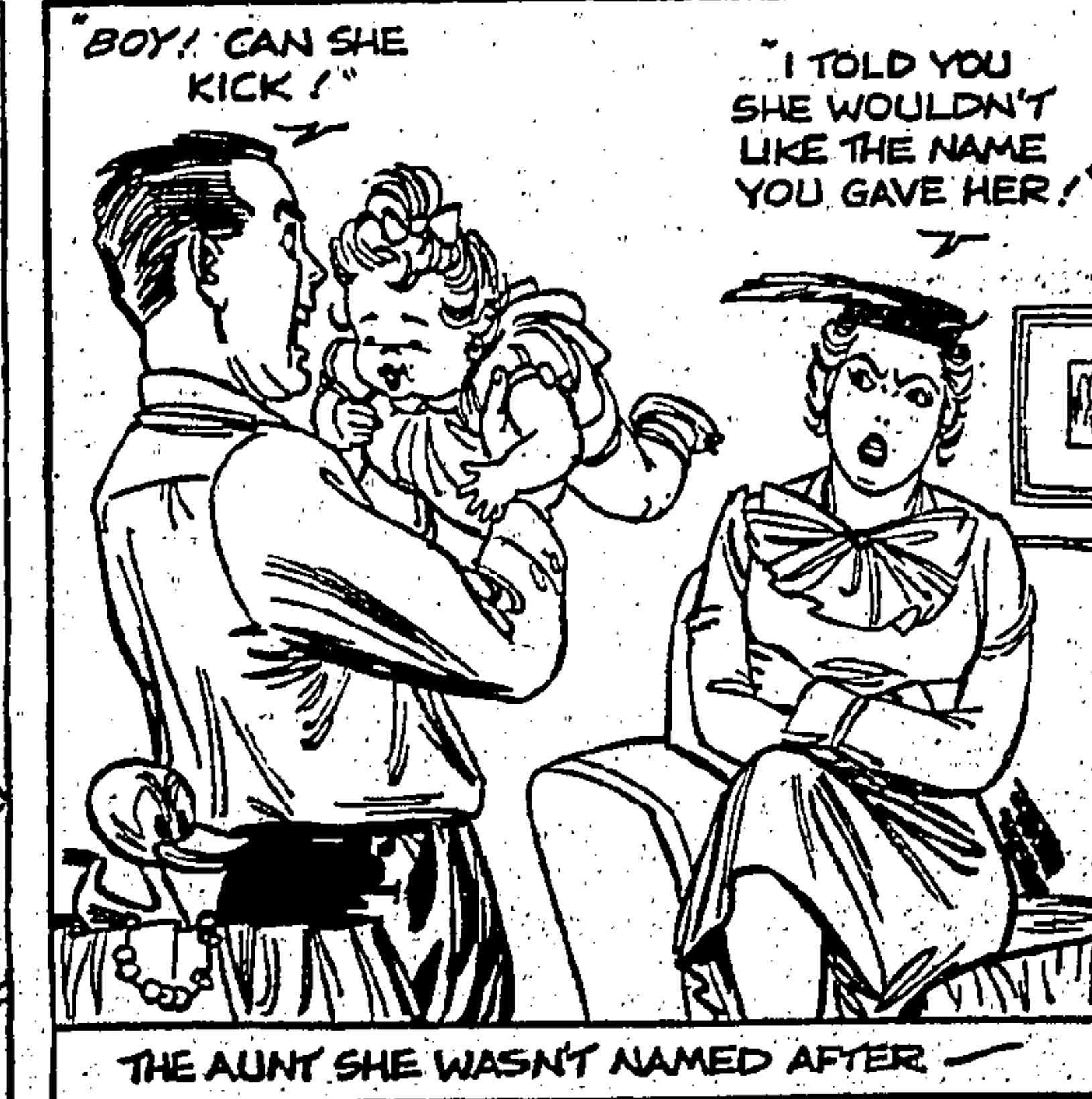
BY HARRY WEINERT



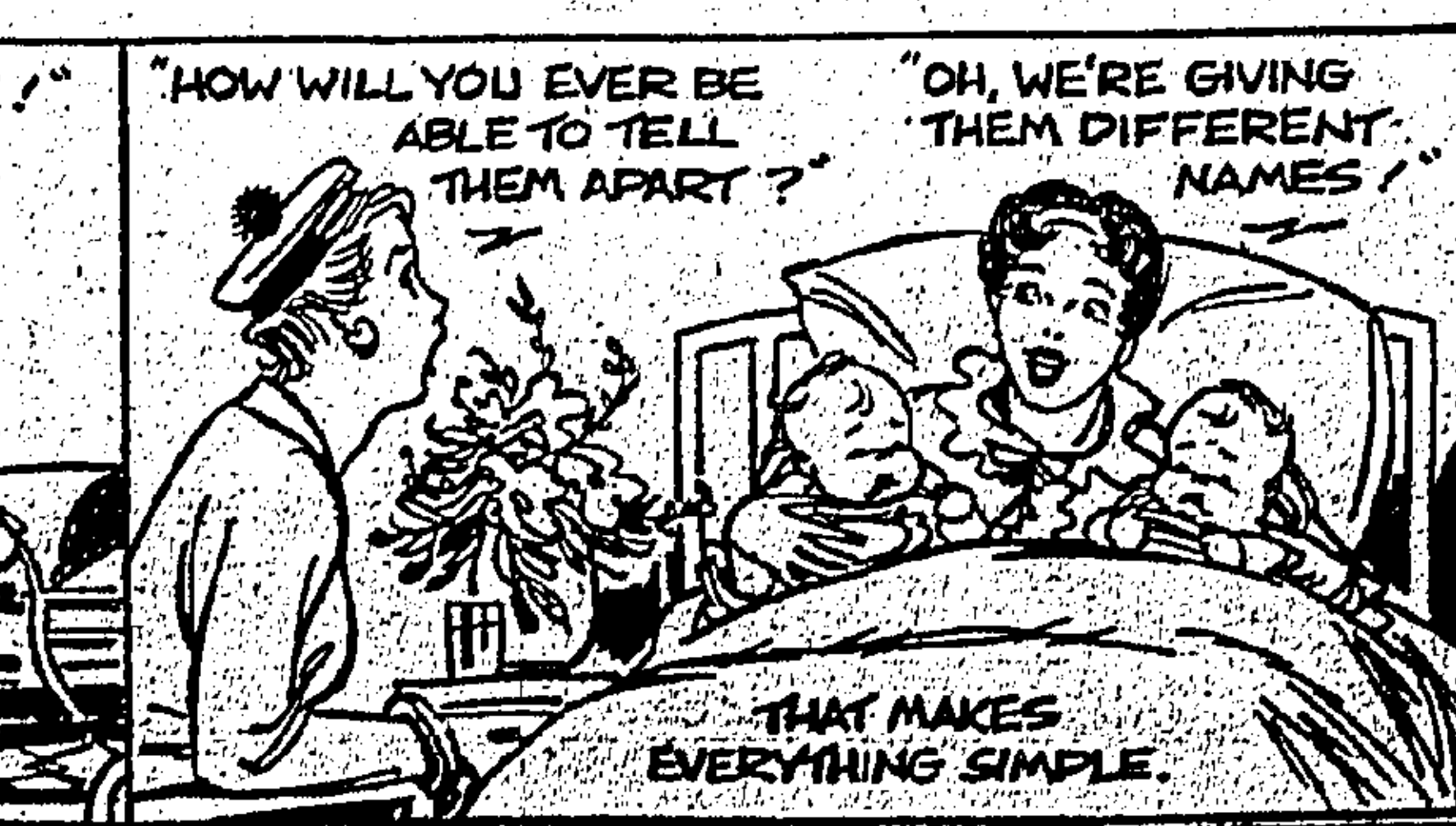
PICK THE ONE WITH THE BIGGEST PIGGY-BANK.



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THE AUNT SHE WASN'T NAMED AFTER



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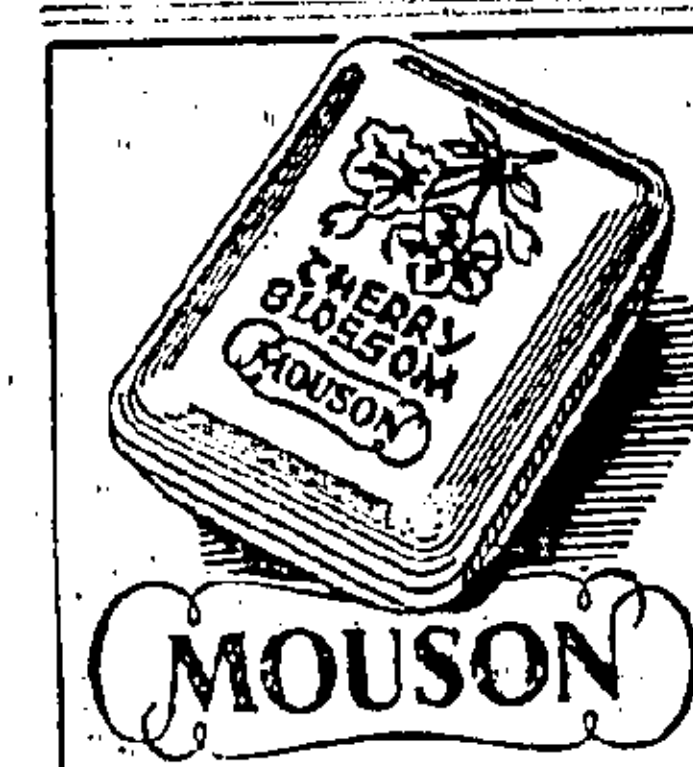
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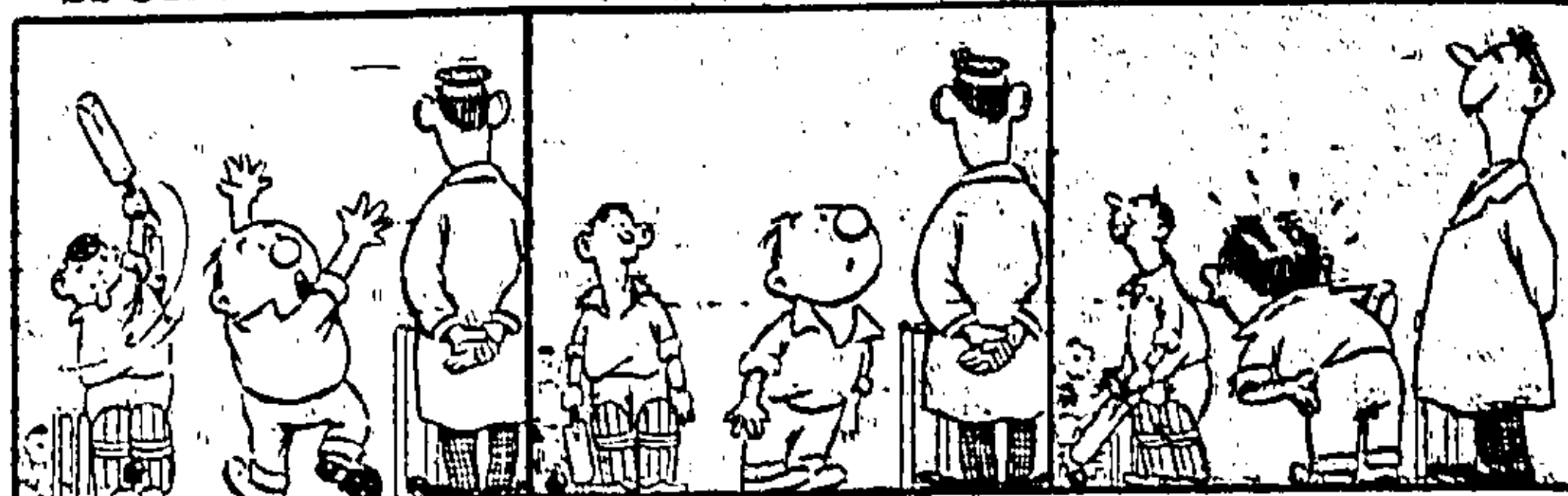
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Test Cricket Is A Two-Way Business—To Avoid Defeat; To Provide Entertainment

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

Whatever else the first Test match produced, it laid wide open the problem of slow scoring in modern cricket. From what the critics say, and from the accounts of friends who were on the spot, most people felt that 30-an-hour on one day and 25-an-hour on another just wasn't good enough entertainment for people asked to pay present day Test prices.

"As one who is earning his living out there in the middle and trying to provide some entertainment in cricket, I have great sympathy for the spectator when a match gets into the doldrums when conditions or tactics make it dull. Most cricketers should remember that we are entertainers as well as bread-and-butter players.

Sometimes I think we get far too deeply dug into the finer points of the modern game which are completely over the heads of the average fan who pays his money at the turnstile. If we could get a little nearer those elementary principles which dictate that the ball should be hit hard and often by the batsman—we would probably do a deal better. Especially in the highest field of all—Test cricket.

We also tend to forget that Test cricket is our main shop window. Thousands flock to Tests whenever and wherever they are staged. And it is there that those thousands should be confirmed in their love of the game by seeing batting and bowling and fielding at their very best.

I'm not going to criticise events which took place last week at Trent Bridge. I wasn't there. But I can see the difficulty which faced the South Africans. They were up against the best Test attack in the world, and they were meeting sheer pace the like of which they'd never seen before. Moreover, they'd lost half their side with only 55 runs on the board.

THAT FIRST SHOCK

So what could they do? Have a go and perhaps throw the match away? Surely they were entitled to fight—as they did? Their slow scoring was natural after that first shock served up by Tyson and Statham. And even afterwards—when they were compelled to follow-on—they could hardly have been expected to "have a go" and risk another rout and quick defeat?

It is all very difficult. Test cricket is a two-way business. On the one hand, in cases like

this, a side has to try to avoid defeat at all costs—so that it can live to fight another day of the series. On the other, it is supposed to provide bright entertainment. Sometimes the two just cannot be brought together.

Mind you, even in these circumstances I still see no reason why we should accept the push-back of the half volley or the neglect of the long-ball. I have always been brought up to believe that these two should be hit hard and far whenever they appear.

Now for another cause of slow cricket—and again one on which there is plenty to be said on both sides. I refer to bowlers' defensive attack on a batsman's leg-stump.

What has happened is that captains have carefully weighed up the strong points of batsmen and concluded that while they can hit the ball outside the off-stump easily, they just cannot hit the one pitched on or just outside their legs if a leg-side field of four or five men is set.

So more and more of them are curbing batsmen by attacking them on this weak spot as quickly and as frequently as possible. They feel that the frustrated batsman will make his mistake in the end and in any case the runs will be kept down.

Now I cannot see how any captain can really be asked to forgo those tactics. To my mind the responsibility lies with the batsman; they must find the answer and hit their way out of it.

One of the best men at doing this is my Nottinghamshire colleague, former England star, Joe Foweraker. When Joe is faced with this kind of thing—or when he comes up against an off-spinner bowling to a close leg-trap—I have seen him take guard well outside his leg stump and then to crack the ball through the covers as though it were being pitched outside his off-stump.

ENTERPRISING PLAN

This demands boldness and initiative—but all good batsmen should have these qualities. I don't say that Joe's methods are necessarily the right ones or the only ones to counter this development. I have seen him come unstuck trying them. But I have also seen him come off with them and I think he has got a very good workable and above all enterprising plan to develop.

What other reasons are there for slow play? A typical one is the English habit of always trying to fight your way out of a trouble spot by digging in and "gutting" in on ones. In Australia we were taught exactly the opposite. We were told to hit our way out, not dig ourselves in.

A classic example was provided by Keith Miller in the Leeds Test of 1948. Alec Bessie had struck two good early blows and it looked as if he might easily get on top. What did Miller do?

He went after the very first ball Alec sent down and drove it straight past him for four. Then he hit him again two balls later and suddenly, instead of Alec holding the whip hand, it was the bold Miller who held the initiative. From then on Keith—and later Bradman—continued to hold it and Australia won.

As a bowler I admit I prefer to bowl to players who like to dig their way out the cautious way. I always feel I can get on top of them. When a bowler suddenly finds somebody coming after him he doesn't always find

it as easy to keep his length or make his experiments.

After playing at Northampton this week I am sorry for England and Northants star Frank Tyson. Poor Frank has to play most of his cricket on one of the slower wickets in the country. That's why his County figures don't always match his Test ones. It strikes me that it would pay Northants handsomely if they could get their turf quickened up.

I am sorry to note that first Test, duck by young Ken Barrington. But as I said last week many great players have begun their Test careers like that. I only hope the England selectors this week-end will give him another go in the second Test. No youngster can be judged on one or even two outings. One Test can break him; three can make him.

COACHING HINT

If you are a bowler don't forget to study your opponent. That's an elementary principle. Don't just be an automaton. Note his preference for off-side or on-side shots and bowl where he is weakest.

Note his stance, too—whether his weight is mainly on the back or the front foot. If it's on his back foot, you can reasonably assume he prefers to play forward—and vice versa. The better a man plays back the further up you must try to keep the ball.

Gray, however, has been overseas. He has coached in India, South Africa and New Zealand, but his active career could be said to be one of frustration. His early recognition as a Test Match umpire is something in the way of compensation. There should be many years ahead for similar honours to come his way for he will not be forty years of age until next December, and is almost the youngest of the first-class umpires.

Middlesex-born, he tells one good story about himself. He was playing in a preparatory school match for charity deep in the heart of Somerset, and to add to the game of "out" he proceeded to put one pad on his right leg when he went into bat.

A cherubic youth of some twelve summers promptly told him he had his pad on the wrong leg for a right handed batsman and that "you fast batsman will give you beans".

Gray meant it as a joke, the whole school looked upon the matter disparagingly and there were many remarks to the effect that "that chap who plays for Middlesex is crafty".

Gray, however, was always a very nearly hundred-wicket a year for his county although his run-getting was almost as bad as that school "padding-up".

It would happen as no-one intended it to with as many as 20 fairly large cars on a smaller quarter-mile track. And without the banging and crashing the race would be boring for spectators.

Kit is determined to make a career of stock car racing. This summer she will race her 1953 coupe throughout Britain. To earn money to take up the sport she worked by day as a secretary and by night in a night club.

Originally she only came to Britain on a visit with her mother. That was six months ago. Now, bitten by the stock car bug, she will stay on—at least until the season starts in a big way in South Africa.

(London Express Service)

"Stock car racing is the next best thing. The banging and crashing is part of it."

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met Laurie Gray By Archie Quick

"Standing" in his first Test Match when the South Africans take on England a second time at Lord's for five days will be Laurie Gray. It is only his third season as a first class umpire and Test honours have come more quickly to him than most of his brother-umpires. Many of them, by far his senior, have not been awarded a Test.

It will be with mixed feelings that he will walk to the centre of the famous world with the dozen of World umpires, Frank Chester, for although he tolled at the St John's Wood headquarters of cricket for many years, he suffered a severe setback during the week-end to Craigengower by 1-4, showed in this game that they were far from comfortable in playing on a green that was drawing well on both hands.

The little practice they had may do them some good, but the fact that they will have to play on almost the same kind of drawing green this afternoon at Hingham will already be one factor in favour of the League-leading dockmen.

Much, I think, will depend on the condition of the green this afternoon. On a heavy green the Valley Club squad will have a good chance of upsetting their hosts as they did in their match against Talkoo. On a fast green the dock bowlers may be too good for their visitors.

Second-placed Talkoo, who are only one point behind Kowloon Dock, will be given a fine opportunity of consolidating their position as the strongest challengers to the League leaders this afternoon when they meet USRC on their home green.

They will have to take maximum points to prepare themselves for the unexpected in their remaining first round tie against Craigengower next week.

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LEAGUE BOWLS

MAIN INTEREST TODAY IS ON A CRUCIAL SECOND DIVISION MATCH

By "TOUCHER"

With the First Division League games this afternoon being mainly a race for points for the leading teams, main interest will be centred on the Second Division crucial encounter between Kowloon Dock Club and Hongkong Football Club.

On this match will rest the hope of at least two other strong title-contenders, Talkoo and Craigengower Cricket Club. A decisive win for the Dock bowlers will give them a commanding lead when the League enters its second round, as their remaining first round match is against Police Recreation Club whom they are expected to beat by a clear margin.

Hongkong Football Club, who suffered a severe setback during the week-end to Craigengower by 1-4, showed in this game that they were far from comfortable in playing on a green that was drawing well on both hands.

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day earned for themselves the distinction of handing B. W. Bradbury and his men their first defeat of the season.

Sambo Ramjahn had some phenomenal luck in this game with lucky wickets in at least three heads, but he and his men did at the same time played some very good bowls throughout the whole afternoon.

Police Recreation Club turned in one of their special performances last week-end against Indian Recreation Club, but playing away this afternoon against Recreio "Blues" it is extremely doubtful if they can repeat their giant-killing feat.

With the "Blues" bent on getting the points, the custodians of the law may have to be at their best to secure even one point from this game.

Two games behind the League-leading Kowloon Dock, the Prison Officers' Club, with striking distance and a 5-0 or 4-1 win this afternoon will put them in good stead when they meet the dockmen again in the return match.

Many of them still have vividly etched in their minds the memory of their first round match against the Dock when they were leading in all three rinks at bedtime only to eventually lose by 4-1.

The Electric bowlers will probably give them a very difficult time this afternoon, but the odds will be slightly in favour of the Prison Officers for a 4-1 win.

In addition to the League games this afternoon, this week-end's lawn bowls programme will also include an interesting event which is scheduled to take place tomorrow.

LIBERATION SHIELD

At KCC, the Liberation Shield series between KCC and KBGC starts with the first of three matches. Last year the series ended in a tie on the number of aggregate shots and the

holders then retained the shield. The match, which will be played on eight rinks, should provide some good bowls.

The other event is the opening of the Colony Lawn Bowls Open Championships with the play-off of the nine first round matches in the rink event.

Four of these will be played at KBGC, two at KDC, two at Talkoo and one at HKFC. Holders of the title in this event are P. R. Ragl, F. O. Madur, F. R. Kermani and M. J. Divecha, who last year started from scratch to end up as most unexpected winners.

Competition is expected to be very much keener this year in view of the great number of 41 entries participating and lawn bowls being the game that it is. It will be anybody's guess who the eventual winners will be.

The strongest four on paper that will be on view in the opening games tomorrow are the four Luz brothers who are expected to get through their first round match against their clubmates, F. X. M. da Silva, A. A. Gutierrez, C. F. Remedios and L. F. Xavier.

The most interesting match of the afternoon, however, from the point of closeness of score will be between the Kowloon Dock club slumped by Empire Games representative R. S. Gourley and the Talkoo four skipped by J. H. Kingborough. This should be anybody's game from beginning to end.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recreio "Blues" v. PRC
IRC "Blues" v. Recreio "Whites"

Second Division
KCC v. IRC "Gold"
KBGC v. FC
CCC (bye)

Third Division
PRC v. KCC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Fourth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Fifth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Sixth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Seventh Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Eighth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Ninth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Tenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Eleventh Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twelfth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Fourteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Fifteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Sixteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Seventeenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Eighteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Nineteenth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twentieth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-first Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-second Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-third Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-fourth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-fifth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-sixth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-seventh Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-eighth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Twenty-ninth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirtieth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-first Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-second Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-third Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-fourth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-fifth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-sixth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-seventh Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-eighth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Thirty-ninth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Fortieth Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Forty-first Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Forty-second Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC
USRC v. FC
KDC (bye)

Forty-third Division
KCC v. PRC
POC v. HKFC
HKFC v. KBGC

The same frustrated soccer fan whose views were published in last Saturday's China Mail in support of sending a Hongkong football team to next year's Olympic Games at Melbourne has some more to say. It is sheer logic when he begins with:

The Cost Of Travel Fluctuates With The Distance Involved

Last Saturday, through the co-operation of the Sports Editor of the China Mail, I was able to present my views on the current controversy that surrounds the decision of the Hongkong Football Association not to send a team to compete in the 1956 Olympic Games.

I believed then, and I still believe, that what I wrote represents the views and feelings of a not inconsiderable cross-section of the football public, and I am indeed flattered that at least one established local sports writer has seen fit to offer comment on my views.

I have also heard with interest that the HKFA has answered its critics which presumably includes me by the simple expedient of giving a public reading to a CIRCULAR letter received from FIFA.

Such an answer promotes two important questions:—

(1) Is it to be accepted blindly that the FIFA officials, many thousands of miles away, know better than our people on the spot what expenditure would be required to take a team to Melbourne?

(2) Are we to assume from the present situation that our Hongkong officials were content to accept this obviously generalised communication without making exhaustive examination of the whole problem in relation to the current conditions which they know to exist here?

NOT FOR US ALONE

The letter that was read in Hongkong was read in every other country that was eligible to compete. The £1,000 that that letter cost the HKFA was not a negligible sum, and it is not only the HKFA that has to pay for the letter, but also the other football associations in the world.

The biggest single item of expenditure in connection with the Games is travel, and, as that particular expenditure fluctuates in relation to the distance any competing country is away from Melbourne, then surely it follows that the relative overall expenditure fluctuates too.

The regional qualifying competition has now been introduced as another "cost" factor influencing the HKFA in making its decision, but I don't think it will be regarded as other than a straw by the public.

In any regional qualifying competition we stand to gain more than we might have lost, and one is left with the impression that we—by that I mean the Football Association—have not pursued this question with the same degree of determination and enthusiasm that has been a characteristic of other efforts.

QUITE CLEAR

Since last Saturday I have had a lot of correspondence that representation of one country in Regional Games is not in itself a disqualification for another country in the Olympics. The qualifications for competitors in the Olympics, however, are quite clear. A nation can represent the country of his birth, or a country in which he has lived for 5 years immediately prior to the Games, PROVIDED HE HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRESENTED

SENT ANOTHER COUNTRY IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES. It would be a thin-blooded person indeed who did not experience the desire to feel the thrill of representing his native country, and it would be a still thinner-blooded person who would want to see it otherwise. But however idealistic the intentions one must ask just how many of the current Chinese stars in this Colony are qualified to represent any country other than Hongkong in the Olympic Games?

How many of the stars were in fact born here? How many have made this their home for the past five years? Conversely—how many are in fact qualified to represent Nationalist China whatever their personal feelings or desires may be?

When one bandies feelings of national loyalty one has to be careful not to raise hopes on shaky foundations for under the present set-up it is difficult to see how any of our brilliant footballers will reach the Olympic arena other than in the colours of this Colony.

A BOMBHELL

Oh! and by the way, there may be an unexpected bombshell in the world of Olympic football—and from a most unexpected source.

As the draw for the Olympic football tournament it will be noted there is an entry from Great Britain. It is now being surgically represented by several other competitors and eligible countries that there is no organization authorized to make

such an entry and that in fact the Home countries, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, are each individual members of FIFA and each therefore eligible separately to enter a team.

There is no British Football Association and other countries are pointing out that to accept an entry from a combination of members is not only contrary to the Olympic spirit but creates a situation that is fraught with some very obvious difficulties.

That is certainly true, but ever today, no matter what has happened in the past—especially as one of the Home countries—already forbidden its name and its players to be connected with the "Great Britain" tag!

Records Prove That... It's Speed Bowling That Wins Test Matches

Says DENIS COMPTON

There is a well-known cricket adage that bowling wins matches. I would go further and say FAST bowling wins TEST matches.

The MCC regulations prevent me, as a player, from commenting on the bowling of Frank Tyson and Brian Statham in Australia or in the recent Trent Bridge match, but the results can speak for themselves.

In Australia they shared 46 Test wickets; in New Zealand 23. England won five out of the seven Tests and very nearly won the drawn match at Sydney.

At Nottingham Tyson tore in to give England an innings victory.

Success in previous series has also depended largely on pace-bowling partnerships. England have won the rubber in Australia four times in the past 50 years, where we had a hostile pair to open the attack.

In 1911-12 Barnes and Foster shared 68 wickets; in 1928-29 Tate and Larwood 35; in 1932-33 Larwood and Voce 48.

RECENT EXAMPLE

Each time England won 4-1, and then, of course, there was the recent example.

Australia dominated the series with McDonald and Gregory, and later with Lindwall and Miller.

The great value to Australia of Lindwall and Miller is that they have lasted much longer than most fast bowling combinations, and have continued to get runs too.

It might have been a very different story, however, had

they been called upon every year to play cricket six days a week.

One bowler alone has not often been capable of rescuing a series, although Alec Boucher did a wonderful job when we regained the Ashes in 1953.

We lost 4-1 in Australia in 1950-51, despite Alec's fine work, and the same thing happened 25 years before when Maurice Tate was dominant.

The answer is that pace becomes more effective when handled with equal skill and vigour at both ends.

Nothing was more fitting than that Tyson and Statham should have resumed their association at Trent Bridge.

FAST BOWLING

Nottingham folk know something about fast bowling. Larwood and Voce began their trail of destruction there, and it was at Trent Bridge that England's first Test match pair, of Lindwall and Miller.

To think that, but for early doubts of Frank's fitness and stamina, Tyson and Statham would now be opening the Lancashire as well as the England attack. That would have been very nice for Lancashire,

FIGHTING TALK

MANNERS MAY MAKE A MAN, BUT THEY DON'T HELP FIGHTERS A BIT

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

A new Sammy McCarthy has arrived. It used to be Smiler Sammy. Now it is Snarler Sammy.

When the former British Featherweight Champion stepped into the Sireatham ring a fortnight ago, to carry on from where he adjourned the trading of thick-ears, the smile was gone.

So were the impeccable manners which earned for him the tag "The First Gentleman of the Ring." Manners may make a man. But they don't help fighters.

Sammy has learned his lesson. Now he reserves his shy grin for dressing room informalities.

Teddy Peckham, his worthy opponent on this occasion, had much cause to regret the omission of the famous McCarthy smile.

In the second round a perfect uppercut heaped Peckham by the ropes for a count of nine. Only the bell saved him. In round three a sizzling right cross made violent contact with an already thickened ear, and down he went again, this time for eight.

ANOTHER UPPERCUT

Another uppercut, and Peckham was down for seven. The old McCarthy would have hesitated before going in for the "kill." The new McCarthy knows that he who hesitates is lost. He half-draped Peckham over the ropes and was about to put an end to the affair when

the referee stepped in and saved him the trouble.

Peckham said afterwards that on this form McCarthy would be a certainty to beat British Champion Kelly in a return.

"He punched too hard and too fast," he said.

Peckham should know. Barely three months ago he went the distance with Billy Kelly.

McCarthy's shy comment was that he felt his five months' lay-off had done him a lot of good.

That, I feel, may prove to be the understatement of the year.

Cured of hand trouble, the new McCarthy can win back the British Featherweight title. I'll go further. It won't be long before he is ready for a crack at Sandy Saddler's World crown.

DOWER'S PROBLEM

A boxer whose hands are causing grave anxiety in British boxing circles is Dan Dower, pride of Wales, and Flyweight Champion of Britain, the British Empire and Europe.

Dower revealed after his recent fight with Robert

Mouginot, that he fought the last two rounds in agony, after he had caught Mouginot with a resounding right-hander.

Critics acclaim the young Welshman as a future World Champion; as a certainty to beat present title-holder Pascual Perez of the Argentine.

But after each fight Dower invariably complains of foot or hand trouble.

Before he puts out his claim for a shot at the World title, he should put his hands and feet in order. Perhaps he too like McCarthy, would benefit by a short rest from the ring.

HE'LL BE BACK

You just can't keep hands out of the news. Latest pugilist having a spot of bother with his fighting irons is Dave Charnley. He is 20-year-old former ABA Featherweight Champion, and so far unbeaten in his professional career.

Dave won't be seen in the ring for a while. He has a cracked bone in his hand received during his points win over Johnny Mann at Birmingham.

Charnley is rated one of Britain's brightest boxing prospects. My guess is that Dave will be back in there scrapping before many more moons have passed.

WOODCOCK'S WARNING

Remember Bruce Woodcock, the former British Empire Heavyweight Champion, whose run of bad luck ended in retirement? Bruce is handling fighters these days. The latest addition to his stables is Kiltage Lave, Heavyweight Champion of the Tonga Islands, and Queen Salote's protégé.

Woodcock thinks Lave has a good chance of being the next Empire Champion, and he has promised the Queen he will do his best to send Kiltage home with the title.

Up to now he has confined his activities to training in Woodcock's Doncaster gymnasium. He has sparred with some of the best heavyweights in the area and, says Bruce, "looks good enough to win the title with a little more experience."

Lave is 21. He will make his British debut as winner of 35 out of 37 fights in Australia and New Zealand.

His main weapon for capturing the title? "Aggressiveness in the American style, and a terrific left hook," Woodcock tells us. Might as well call him "Rocky" Lave.

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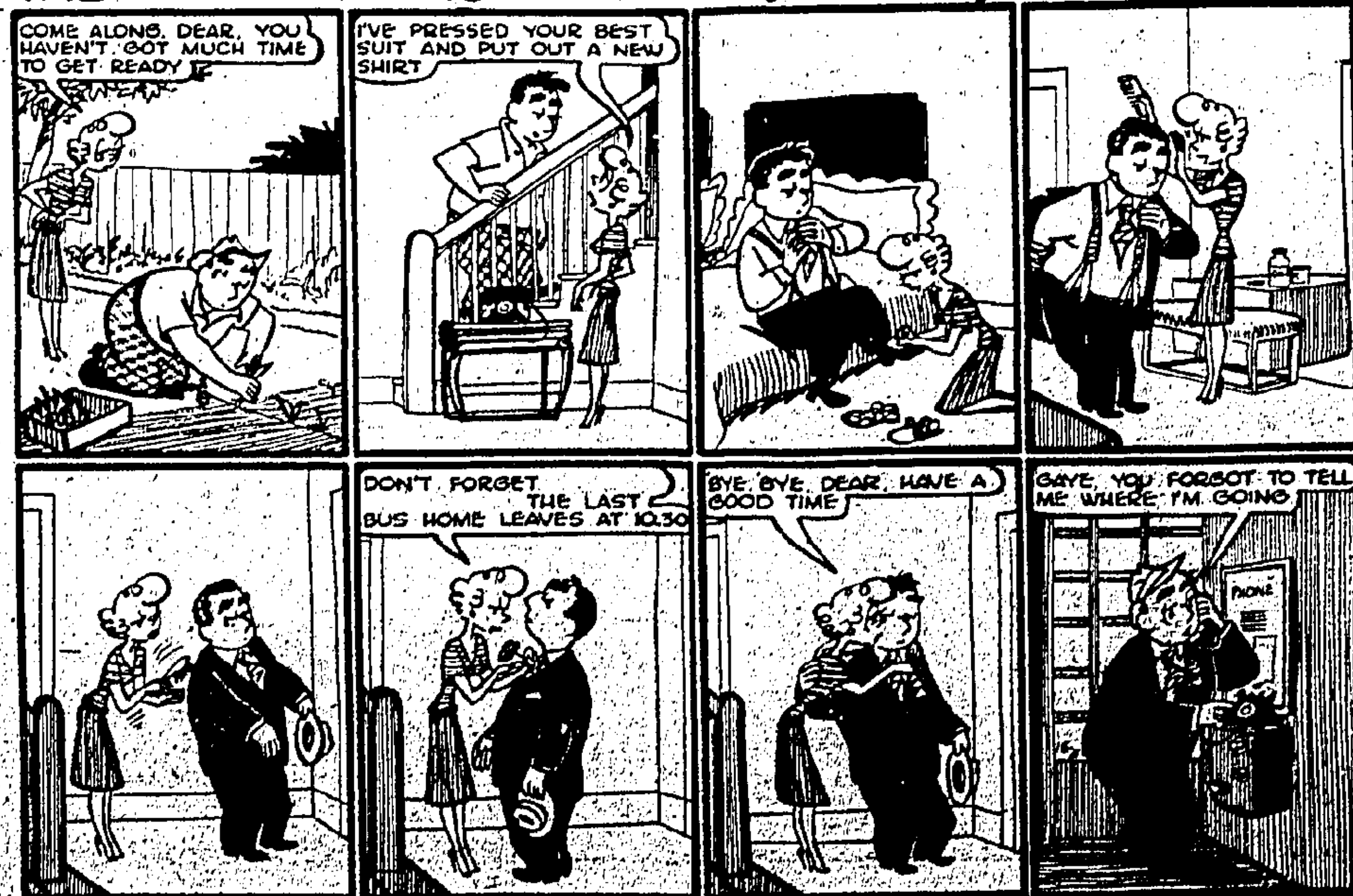
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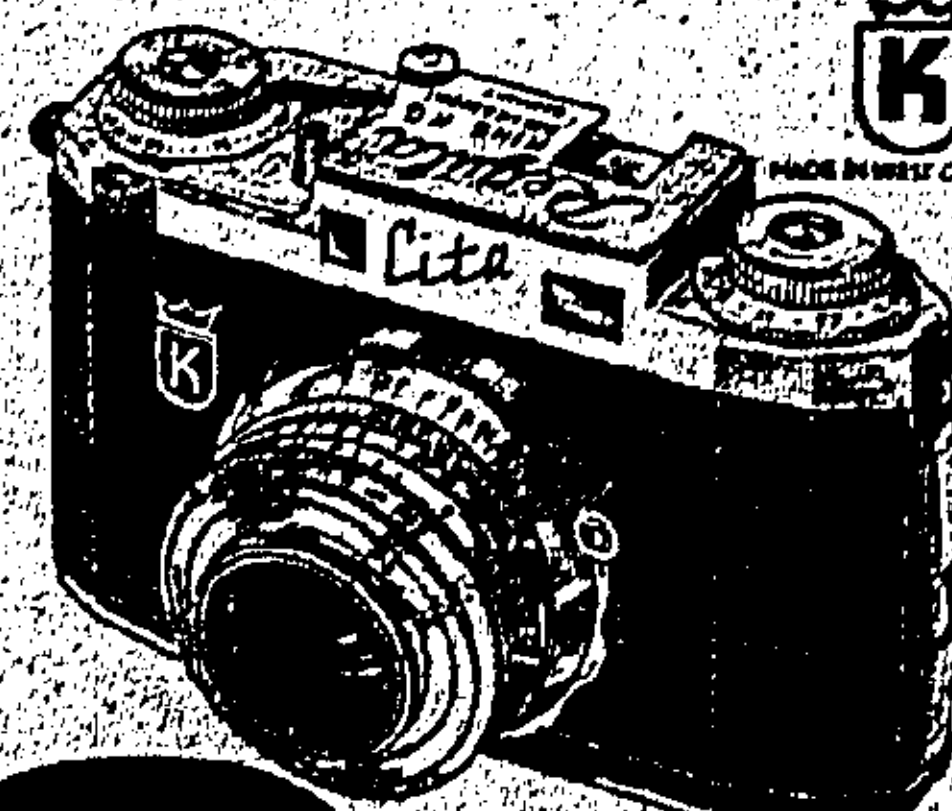
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Page 20 SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Vanishing Vacuum

RAIN had stopped repair work to the roof of the small hotel. Joe, the man who had come to do the job, was down below in the kitchen regions, talking to the hotel's caddy, white-haired proprietor, who was busy ironing blankets.

"See you got two vacuum cleaners," Joe observed, chattily.

"One's bust," the other answered.

"I'll take it and get it fixed; I know a place," Joe offered.

"No, thanks. I'll take it to the makers sometime," Joe pressed, not prepared lightly to give up his good deed.

The other grunted and got on with his ironing. He looked up a few moments later. Joe had gone. So had the broken vacuum cleaner.

THAT'S HIM

THE hotelier put down his iron, rushed up into the street, and there, most fortunately, found a policeman. "There's a man just stolen my vacuum cleaner," he panted.

The policeman looked interested. "That's odd," he said. "I've just seen a fellow with a vacuum cleaner standing talking outside a cafe. You'd better come and see if it's your man."

Eagerly the other followed the policeman. "That's him. I want to charge him with stealing," he cried, as he caught sight of Joe, who was still talking, leaning on the vacuum cleaner.

At the Clerkwell court next morning Joe pleaded not guilty to the theft, and the hotel proprietor told of his talk across the ironing board and of Joe's sudden departure.

GRUDGING AFFIRMATIVE

"TELL me," said the magistrate, Mr. Frank Powell, "might he not have thought you had told him to take the cleaner away?"

"Oh, no," he was wailing with it all right.

"Tell me, this man has worked for you before, hasn't he?"

"He's done a few botched jobs."

"But you knew the firm he worked for, didn't you? You could have got into touch with him?"

The hotel man grunted what might have been a grudging affirmative.

SHOCKING TALK

THE magistrate turned to Joe. "Did he see you leave with the cleaner?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Joe answered.

"Did you?" Mr. Powell asked the clerk man.

"No, sir," he answered. "And another thing, he gave me the wrong name, said it was Jones, now it turns out it's Smith."

"I never gave you no name," Joe protested. "You've just called me Joe for about a year."

Joe was shown to the witness box. "Why should this man get it into his head that you told him your name was Jones?" Mr. Powell asked.

"He talks a bit barmy, at times—about being fed up, and going to cut off his head—shocking talk like that," Joe answered.

WRONG TO CONVICT

"HE says that you're often saying odd things," the magistrate said to the hotelier, recalling him for a moment. "Is that so?"

"Couldn't carry on a hotel if I was curious in any way," he answered.

The magistrate sighed. "Well, it's a case of oath against oath. Clearly it would be wrong to convict the defendant on this evidence," he said. "I shall dismiss this."

Joe stood away to return to his work. The hotel proprietor left by another door.

Both looked a little soured by their experiences. Joe's planned good deed and the old man's swift effort to frustrate it, both seemed to have ended in—well in a vacuum.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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EUROPEAN INTEGRATION

Steel Community To Embark On Next Step

ASSEMBLY APPROVES MESSINA DECISION

Strasbourg, June 24

M. Rene Mayer, President of the European Coal and Steel Community's High Authority, told the Common Assembly here today there was no question of putting the Community on ice or removing it from its super-national pedestal.

After his speech the Assembly approved unanimously, with one abstention the decision of the Messina conference of Foreign Ministers on June 2 to embark on the next stage of European integration.

The Foreign Ministers of France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, West Germany and Italy decided this next stage should be the creation of other European agencies like the Coal and Steel Community and further co-ordination of economic and social policies.

NOT EXPLICIT

Today's resolution approving these decisions noted that they did not reply explicitly to certain questions put by the Assembly but that they did correspond to the Assembly's wishes.

M. Pierre Wigny, a Belgian Christian Democrat, made a strong plea for European integration when he addressed the Common Assembly earlier today.

He said that while Europe remained disunited the initiative in world affairs was left to countries with vast space and resources.

M. Wigny insisted that no European country need fear the loss of its national heritage under supra-national government.

Delegates from the Benelux countries were by far the most impassioned advocates of rapid integration during the political debate, which followed a long discussion of technical problems met in managing the Coal and Steel Community.

Miss Margaret Klompe of Holland complained that the Messina conference did not make it clear whether integration was to come "by way of inter-governmental agreements or through a supra-national system."

Herr Hermann Kopf, a German Deputy, complained that the Messina resolution did not insist

Human Rights Declaration Violated

San Francisco, June 24

A message addressed to all United Nations delegates attending the tenth anniversary meeting today expressed "grave disappointment" with the record of the organization in the protection of human rights.

The message, signed by Mr. Roger N. Baldwin, Chairman of the International League for the Rights of Man, said: "Ten years after the adoption of the Charter it is a matter of common knowledge that in large parts of the world the most elementary human rights are daily violated as if there were no United Nations and no charter."

The League complained that the UN declaration of human rights, adopted in 1948 was not considered legally binding by member states and said the draft convention on human rights still under consideration by the General Assembly did not provide practical means of implementation.—Reuter

ALTERED

Thomson, the overnight leader with 124 faltered by taking 73

Dogs Beaten At Own Game

Washington, June 24

Miss Sally Herman, 25, who beat five dogs at their own game, will appear with the National Symphony Orchestra on Saturday night as the voice of Rip Van Winkle's hound.

Miss Herman won an audition for the "Bark-a-Role" in the world premiere of Ferde Grofe's "Hudson River Suite." In the opinion of the judges, all non-canine, she out-barked an airedale, a cocker, a spitz, a collie, a sheepdog and a collie. "I've been barking since I can remember," Miss Herman said.

Mr. Grofe said Miss Herman's bark had exactly the same timbre he was seeking for the third movement of his suite, which musically depicts life on the Hudson.

DEATH SENTENCE STANDS

Wellington, June 24

The Appeal Court here today dismissed the appeal by an English immigrant, Frederick Foster, against his conviction and death sentence for the murder in an Auckland milk bar on March 28 of 19-year-old Sharon Skiffington for whom he professed his love.

A Supreme Court jury in Auckland found Foster guilty of murdering Sharon with a shotgun blast in the face and he was sentenced to death by hanging.

Foster's mother, Mrs. Alice Foster of Birkenhead, Cheshire, is expected here soon by air from England to comfort her son in the death cell.—China Mail Special.

Cerda Wins First British Golf Title

Leeds, June 24

Overseas players took two of the first three places in the Yorkshire Evening News £1,550 professional golf tournament which ended here today in a victory for Argentina's Kantonio Cerda with a 72 holes aggregate of 276.

Second was Harry Weetman, former British Match Play Champion, with 279 and then Peter Thomson (Australia), holder of the British Open and Match Play titles, with 282.

It was Cerda's first outright win in a major British event though he has striven for success many times. Tomorrow he plans to catch the first train out of Leeds for St. Andrews where he will spend a full week preparing for the British Open Championship (starting on July 4) for which he has been runner-up twice in the past four years.

Cerda had virtually won when he finished this morning in 67 after a brilliant outward half of 31 which more than wiped out his overnight arrears of three strokes.

Behind Cerda, Weetman and Thomson came John Panton and Ken Bousfield, each 283, Charlie Ward 284, Bobby Locke, Flory van Donck, Dai Rees, Harry Bradshaw, Arthur Lees and Bill Hancock, all 286 and Henry Cotton 291.—Reuter

Ill-Fated Sub Raised

Portland, June 24

The submarine Sison, surfaced yesterday after sinking nine days ago, is being beached today for recovery of the 13 bodies still entombed in her.

The slow tow of the damaged submarine, which sank after an explosion in her forward torpedo compartment, will take her a mile across harbour to the nearest beach.

She is supported by four huge buoyant cylinders and two vessels.

On shore relays of volunteer salvage teams will force their way into the twisted hull to remove the bodies of three officers and ten men who went down with her.

Experts and scientists will also go in the submarine where they are confident they will find the exact cause of the explosion which crippled the submarine, as she was putting out to sea.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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SCRAMBLED MESSAGE: Mexico is a federal democratic republic of twenty-nine states.

MEXICAN MID-UPS: Sierra Madre; Rich in minerals; Tourist trade.

COUNTY CRICKET Yorkshire—Surrey In Grim Struggle

London, June 24

The grim struggle between Surrey and Yorkshire at the top of the County Cricket Championship table intensified today with Yorkshire's six-wicket win over Northamptonshire at Northampton.

It was Yorkshire's ninth win of the season, taking them level on points with the reigning champions. Both have gained 112 points but Surrey still hold the advantage with two matches in hand.

SLIGHTLY AHEAD

First innings points put them slightly ahead of Lancashire who dropped into fourth position following their unexpected ten-wicket defeat by Nottinghamshire at Old Trafford.

Len Hutton, who has relinquished the England Test captaincy for the season because of ill health, came right back to form at Northampton. His 62 runs out of an opening stand of 107 with Bill Sutcliffe in an hour and 55 minutes paved the way for Yorkshire's victory.

Hutton was at his best, hitting eight boundaries and battling with great assurance and freedom.

Two footballers starred in Lancashire's defeat by Nottinghamshire. Ken Grieves (Bolton Wanderers) and 20-year-old Jack Dyson (Manchester City) put up a terrific fight with a fifth wicket stand of 131 in 24 hours to hold up an inevitable Nottinghamshire victory.

Grieves seemed set for his first century for two years when he was unluckily bowled four short of his target. Dyson recorded his first half-century in first class cricket and was unbeaten with 66 in four hours.

Glamorgan erased some of the worried frowns of their supporters by scoring their win of the season when defeating Somerset by eight wickets at Newport.

Alan Watkins, the former England all-rounder, was match

BENSON BACKS DOWN

Washington, June 24

Mr Ezra Taft Benson, the Agriculture Secretary, today backed down under persistent pressure to clear the name of an official he discharged as a "security risk."

He indicated in a message to a top assistant to President Eisenhower that a news story issued by his department describing the official, Mr. Wolf Ladejinsky, as having been a member of two Communist front organizations was "probably written a bit too hard."

Mr. James Hagerty, the White House Press Secretary, received the message and passed it to Mr. Clark Mollenhoff, Washington correspondent of the Des Moines Register, who had led a campaign to clear up the Ladejinsky affair.

CLEARED

Mr. Ladejinsky, a Russian-born naturalized American, is an agricultural economist. After the war he was "cleared" by the State Department as a security investigation and appointed Agricultural Attache at the Embassy in Tokyo.

Later agricultural attaches were placed under Mr. Benson's department and last December he was dismissed Mr. Ladejinsky as a "security risk."

There was a furor in Congress and the press and it was asked how a man could be a "security risk" to one department but not to another.

It wound up with Mr. Ladejinsky being "cleared" anew by the Foreign Operations Administration.

Mr. Ladejinsky is now employed by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization in Indo-China.—Reuter.

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